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Alberta Writers Speak



**"THE OLD HOUSE"
&
Other Stories**

ALBERTA WRITERS SPEAK

1960

Successive to
ALBERTA SPEAKS



WORDS UNLIMITED WRITERS GROUP

FOREWORD

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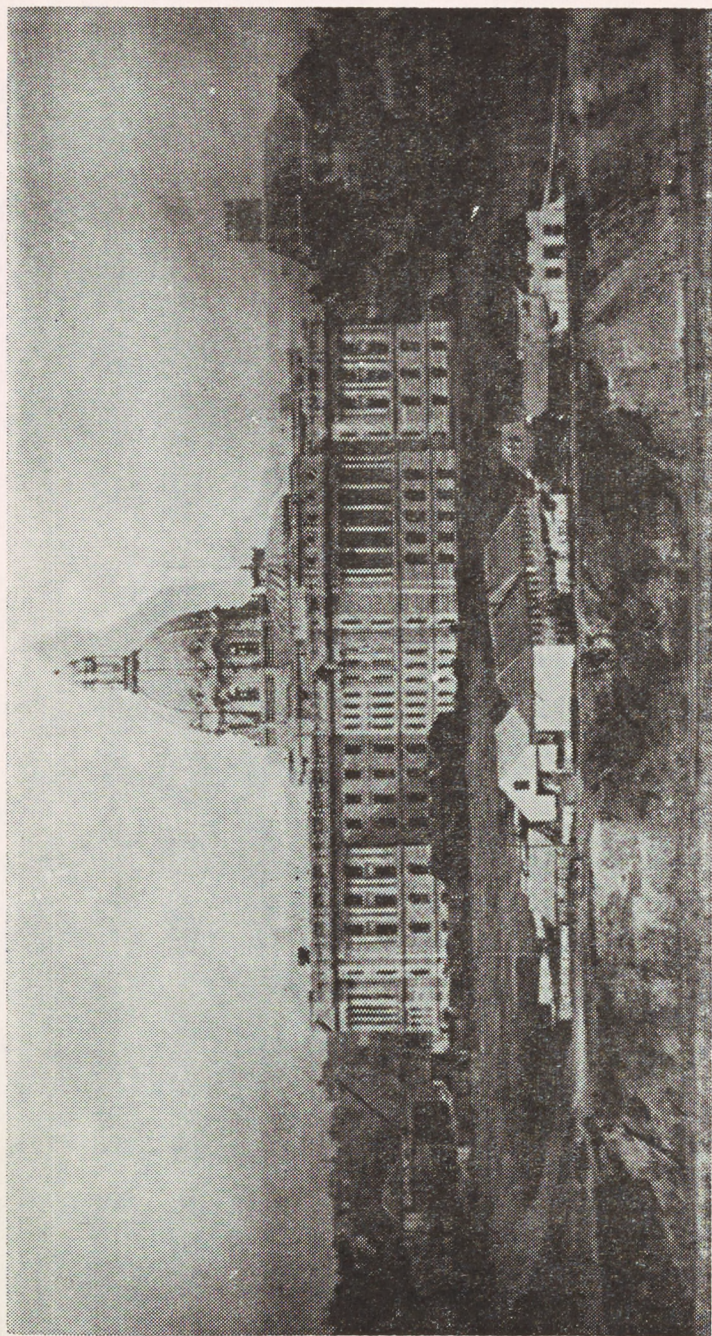
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BEATRICE CLINK TODD,
Editor.

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The Legislative Buildings (under construction) 1903, and the old Hudson's Bay Fort (before it was dismantled) in the foreground. The Fort was a contemporary and cross-river neighbour of the John Walter House (recently restored) shown on the cover.

THE OLD HOUSE

by Roy Devore

A native of Texas, Roy Devore, is one of Alberta's senior citizens. He has travelled much of the continent, speaks elementary Spanish, has written some sixty travelogues, nine regional histories on Alberta, ten short fiction stories, also his autobiography.

Whenever we step over the threshold of some strange, long abandoned house, it is with subdued feelings. We at once wonder about the builder, more especially the last occupant. Is he still living? Did tragedy visit him here? These, and other speculations come to mind as one enters.

As an assistant to Edmonton's archivist, I was recently given the task of conducting visitors through the log-house John Walter built in 1874, which is west of the present 105 Street bridge.

Its builder did not live in it long and there was nothing intricate about his life. It is by the others whose footfalls echoed within its walls that I often seem besieged. I almost feel that traces of their presence linger in the old house.

An immense amount of water has moved down the channel of the North Saskatchewan since the Walter house arose on the south bank. Within view of the house a ceaseless stream of humanity has flowed by.

In front, an old road angles down to the river's edge where a ferry-boat once took passengers back and forth, the first cable-ferry between Winnipeg and B.C. River steamers, both side- and stern-wheelers, once tied up before the house—South Edmonton's first private dwelling. For a few anxious days during the Riel uprising, some persons looked to it as a possible refuge. In 1898, stampeded to the Klondyke paused close by to have their harness and sleighs mended by Walter, before pushing on. Children walked barefooted from the southern edge of Strathcona and called in each morning at the old house before crossing on the ferry to attend Edmonton's first large public school (Mackay Avenue).

Eighty-six years is not old for the stone houses of England; and I have seen in Mexico those built more than 400 years ago. But eighty-six is old for Alberta. This dwelling stood here before the authority of a confederated Canada was really established in the Northwest Territories. It was erected two years before Alexander Bell exhibited the first crude telephone instrument, before Edison's duplex system of telegraphy was heard of, before the "talking machine" was talked of, and twenty-one years

before the first primitive motion pictures were shown. Customs, conventions, codes, regional and global wars and international alliances have come and gone, yet the old house has endured.

The first material used to fill the gaps between the logs was perhaps moss. Later came plaster of lime and sand, renewed from time to time. It is anybody's guess as to how many window panes have been broken, then replaced. The roof is steep (half-pitch), one reason for its long life. A fire once gutted the Walter house, and it has survived two floods, one in 1899, the other in 1915. The latter was the more formidable. When the building's inner siding was recently torn away two reminders of its hectic past were revealed: the fire-blackened walls, and a layer of sediment that had settled half-way up on one of them.

After the old house was completed it was never long without an occupant; as one moved out another promptly moved in. The Sache, Harlan, and Poitras families came and went. It was used as a boarding-house for mill employees during the lumbering era. Then it became the property of the City of Edmonton. The last tenants, the Williams family, stayed forty years, leaving in July, 1958. They often spoke of hearing the old building creak in the night as it settled under its weight of years.

When the civic authorities decided to repair it and reserve its locale as a historic site, the Archives and Landmarks Committee took up the task. Large trees had grown up around the building with branches rubbing and threatening its roof. Heavy machines used in the clearing process shook the ground, imperilling the object to be saved, but the sturdy old landmark, sitting almost as level as when it was erected, stood the shaking.

It really had no foundation. The bottom logs lay directly upon the earth with no rocks or gravel to preserve them from rotting. They did rot badly, but enough solid centre in each had remained to prevent the structure from toppling; and as they were removed a brick wall was substituted, providing a solid, level resting place. A preservative was spread over the shingle roof, and this latter should also endure for some time to come.

From the north upstairs window one may look across the river and and at the stretch of bench-land where Fort Edmonton lay, one of the few architectural companions of the old house in its youth. Below, almost covered by drift-

ing sand and gravel, lies all that is left of the freighter "Strathcona," a ghostly reminder of river transportation days. Otherwise, the only indigenous company our lonely dwelling-house has are photographs, relics, etc., being stored inside it.

In Edmonton's vast expanse, the John Walter House is unique. Standing within it, and looking out over the North Saskatchewan one is inclined to conjure up visions of a bygone generation, of men going about their tasks at loading York-boats with cargoes of furs and of track-line crews setting out upstream.

HANNIBAL THE GREAT

by M. M. Duncan

Mercedes M. Duncan began writing in 1956, after attending Creative Writing Classes at Victoria Composite, and since then has sold fiction to various publications, including the Edmonton Journal, Family Herald, Western Producer, and the Canadian Messenger. She is a graduate member of the Christian Authors' Guild of Philadelphia, and also contributes regularly to several Sunday School papers in the U.S.

Whenever Pa bragged about Hannibal, folks thought he was talking about one of us kids. With six in the family it wasn't easy to keep them all in mind; Ma used to say that even Pa couldn't name us all off at one clip without a little time for figgerin' on it first.

The way Pa carried on, though, Hannibal might just as well have been one of his own flesh and blood, only to hear Ma tell it, if he had been, he wouldn't have gotten the treatment he did. Pa had a sort of live and let live state of mind towards the farm and his family. He liked to live his way, and as long as we didn't bother him, we could live ours. His was a sort of dream-like existence. He liked to lean over the fences, studying the scenery. He never seemed to notice that while he was studying, Ma, or some of us older kids was getting the work done.

If anybody said anything, he used to say that he was working out a system. When he got it perfected, things were going to run on well-oiled wheels. Ma never seemed much impressed with his long-range planning.

"What better system could you dream up than the one you've got now?" she would snap at him. "A wife and six kids on a sixteen-hour shift and no charge for overtime?"

When this Hannibal business came up, things seemed to change. It was the first time Pa ever seemed to take an interest in anything, and of course he had to go to extremes over it.

It all started when Axel Hanson came by one afternoon and started talking up his prize rooster. Every fair time for the past five years Axel's entry had won first prize. Like everything else, the chickens were Ma's department, and' Pa never gave them much mind, but for some reason Axel's bragging got under his skin. I happened to be driving the cultivator past while the argument was going on, so I heard the whole thing.

"Yep," says Axel, hitching up his overalls, "I got a bird this year there's never been the like of. I'll bet I could win in every fair clear to the Toronto Royal."

Pa hitched up **his** overalls, and gave a studying look to the sky.

"That's as may be, neighbor," he came out with, finally, "but you ain't seen **my** bird. I figger it's time somebody gave you a run for your money. Come fair time, we'll see who talks about Toronto Royal."

Well, I was out of range by then, but I passed the word around as quick as I could, and by supper time we all lit into Pa with our questions. He was as calm as the sphinx, and about as communicative.

"I've got it all planned out. Axel's had a run of luck, but you can't beat a system. Henry . . . you an' Joey get busy and build me a good strong pen with a nice dry shelter to it. I'm going to town in the morning, and I want it all ready when I come back."

That's as far as he would let us in on things, but we was sort of curious by now, so me and Joey got busy next morning and whanged together a three-sided coop and fenced her in strong. Along about supper time we saw the bus stop down at the corner of the north pasture and Pa got off, carrying some sort of crate on his shoulder.

That's how Hannibal came into our lives. Right then, he was about the sorriest excuse for a rooster you ever did see. He must have put up a scrap going into the crate, because his tail feathers were all broken and he had the most dejected look on him you could imagine. I guess Pa hadn't got around to telling about his plans for the Toronto Royal. I reckon he thought he had nothing ahead of him but a stew kettle.

From then on Pa was busier than a beaver. He even

left off studying the landscape and working on his system. He packed food to that rooster like it was a baby on a schedule. He cooked up special mashies, the contents of which were kept more secret than the formula for the hydrogen bomb. He depleted Ma's soap supply keeping him shining. When his tail feathers grew out again and his outlook improved, he began to look like prize material after all.

"Don't he look great, Ma?" Pa gloated as Hannibal strutted back and forth with all the majesty of a conquering hero. "Won't we show Axel Hanson a thing or two?"

"Axel Hanson be hanged," Ma came back. "I'm more interested in showing Cousin Egbert a good square meal when he comes. That bird would look right smart on a platter."

Pa's jaw dropped. He began to look a little pale and wilted.

"Cousin Egbert's coming?"

Ma nodded briskly.

"Got a letter yesterday. More'n likely he'll be along about fair time."

"But . . . but . . . Hannibal . . ." Pa choked. "You wouldn't . . ."

"Wouldn't I?" retorted Ma darkly. "You make sure we have a proper substitute, then, or Hannibal will have met his Waterloo . . ."

She stalked off, leaving Pa hanging over the pen with a stunned look on his face.

I didn't feel so good myself. I hadn't realized how attached I'd got to that old rooster. Pa's enthusiasm had sort of taken everybody over. The idea of winning a prize had fired us all. It was the only thing Pa had ever set his mind to. If he could put it over, it might be the very thing he needed to get him going. But Ma and her Cousin Egbert was something else. Cousin Egbert was a pretty important kind of relative, being a preacher, and all, and when he paid us one of his visits it was a time for killing the fatted calf, and Ma left nothing undone to show him the best time she could. I could see how she felt, but this time it was different. Surely even Ma wouldn't sacrifice Pa's dream just to put a good meal on the table.

The days passed like we were under a flag of truce. Hannibal grew bigger and more pompous. Pa grew more anxious. He all but slept in the pen. He had even stopped comparing Hannibal with Axel's bird. I guess he was

afraid to remind Ma what good shape he was in. And then, the day before the fair, everything started to happen at once.

First off, Ma got a letter from Cousin Egbert saying he would be along about Saturday. The next thing, Pa broke a tooth. It wasn't one of those things you could put off. There wasn't anything to do but go to the city to have it fixed. He took me aside as he was leaving. He was suffering right smart, but his main concern was for Hannibal.

"Promise me you won't let your Ma get to that rooster," he begged. "I'll be back on the bus by supper time. Kill her a shoat if she wants, but save Hannibal if you have to hide out in the bush with him."

Well, Ma took such a spell of housecleaning and baking that she didn't seem to think anything more about her threat, and by the end of the day I was beginning to breathe easier again. But when the bus went by and Pa didn't get off, things began to look dark. Then the phone rang. It was Pa calling from the city, and he sounded like the trump of doom.

"I missed the bus, Henry," he bellowed. Pa always talks on the phone like he was trying to cover the whole distance without the help of the wires. "I'll have to take the train to Horner's Crossing. It'll get me there at eight tomorrow morning. You'll have to meet me with the team. An' get Hannibal crated up and ready to go so we can leave for the fair as soon's we get home. You got that all straight, now?"

Well, I sure enough meant to do all Pa said, but what with one thing and another I slept in the next morning. There was no time to crate Hannibal before I left for Horner's Crossing, so I left Joey with instructions to do what he could, and took off. All the way home Pa took on about what might have happened while we were gone, but even I wasn't prepared for what was waiting for us. As soon as we pulled up, Pa run to Hannibal's pen, and the next thing he yelled blue murder. When I got to him, he was dancing around fit to be tied. Hannibal's pen was empty, but there was feathers scattered all around. We hit for the house, but Pa left me like I was standing still. Inside the house he gave another bellow. When I got to the kitchen he was standing there trying to say something, but nothing would come out. He just kept pointing to the half-plucked carcass on the table. I stared too. It didn't

seem possible that such a puny little frame had been the proud creature that had strutted around the pen. Pa started running around the house. I couldn't figure out why it was so almighty still. None of the kids were around, and even Ma was nowhere in sight. And then the phone rang.

I grabbed it. It was Joey, but he was so excited he couldn't get his words out straight. You could have heard him clear to the barn. He seemed to be begging Pa to get to the fair grounds mighty quick to help Ma out of some kind of trouble, but just when he got Maybelle Hanson's name into it, Pa grabbed the receiver out of my hand.

"That back-stabbing Ma of yours!" Pa shouted. "That murderess! If she thinks she's in trouble now, wait till I get my hands on her. Let her help herself, if she can!"

He slammed down the phone and just about then I realized that someone was honking a car horn out in the yard. When we ran outside Cousin Egbert poked his head out of the window of a shiny new two-toned car.

"Henry . . . William! Get in the car. You've got to get back to the fair grounds and talk some sense into Milly before she gets herself into jail!"

I don't know whose jaw dropped farther, mine or Pa's. But he got his working first.

"An' jail's the proper place for her! Slaughtering my Hannibal . . ."

"Nobody has slaughtered Hannibal!" broke in Cousin Egbert frantically. "The bird is safe and sound at the fair. I inadvertently ran down a hen when I drove in here this morning . . . that's the one Milly was getting ready in the kitchen. But don't just stand there . . . we've got to get back to her."

We just stopped long enough to unhitch the team, and then we headed for the fair grounds. On the way Cousin Egbert brought us up to date on the situation. It seemed that while Ma had never come right out and said that she was in favor of Hannibal, she had her pride, after all, and when Maybelle Hanson dropped by on her way to the fair to pass some remarks about Hannibal's chances of winning over their bird, it was more than she could take. Not wanting to take any chances on getting to the fair grounds too late, they had loaded Hannibal into the car and took off. After getting him settled in his show pen, they started circulating around the grounds, but all at once Ma got the notion that Hannibal hadn't ought to

be left alone, so they hit back to the pen, and that's when the fireworks started.

The first thing Ma saw was Maybelle Hanson standing in front of Hannibal's pen, holding something in her hand. When she got closer, she saw it was his entry card, and right off Ma figures she's up to no good, and it's no use for Maybelle to try and tell her that she just happened to find it lying on the ground.

"Thought you'd switch cards, did you?" Ma bellows. "That mouldy-looking excuse of yours couldn't win a booby prize in a Bantam class."

"Oh yeah?" Maybelle comes back. "Hannibal wouldn't have a chance if he was the last bird on earth. Even Noah would have turned him down."

Cousin Egbert tried to simmer things down, but by that time both of them had their dander up, and he thought he had better get a hold of Pa.

There was a big crowd gathered at the far side of the fair grounds where the poultry exhibits were. Pa bunched himself up and plowed right through. When Ma saw him, she grabbed his hand.

"I knew we'd show those Hansons," she beamed. "Thought they could grow a bird to beat our Hannibal, did they?"

Pa was staring at her like he had never seen her before. All at once he leaned over and gave her a quick kiss. He seemed to grow six inches taller right there.

"Who ever heard of a Hannibal getting beat?" he demanded. "And with my system on top of everything."

For the first time I got a look at Maybelle Hanson. A bunch of ladies had her kind of hemmed in. She was looking mighty red in the face and looking daggers at Ma and Pa. Just about then Axel showed up. He had the judge with him, and everybody pulled back to give him room to work. He didn't look too pleased with his job about then. On one side was the Hansons, outweighing him single handed, and on the other was Ma and Pa and us six kids, to say nothing of Cousin Egbert, looking mighty stern and pious. He started to hem and haw and scratch his head, trying to look important. Finally he came up with a great solution.

"L-let's not r-rush things, here, folks," he stuttered, wiping his face with his coat sleeve. "Couple of fine birds like these, they ought to be showed off proper. Let's get them out in the open where we can really compare them."

Somebody dug up some bits of string, and Pa and Axel put a line on each of the roosters. Then they walked them back and forth while the judge rolled his eyes and looked like he wished he was fifty miles away. To tell the truth, there wasn't much leeway between the birds at that. Hannibal kept strutting back and forth, giving Axel's bird the eye, and all at once he flapped his wings and took a dive at the other rooster that tore the string right out of Pa's hand. In no time at all feathers were flying, and the crowd began to yell.

Ma began jumping up and down.

"C'mon, Hannibal! Give it to him. Run him out of the fair grounds!"

That set Maybelle Hanson off, and she started for Ma. What happened next was kind of hard to follow, but maybe it wasn't as accidental as it seemed at the time. Anyway, the birds were right in line when Maybelle started her rush. Could be Ma had been reading up on the strategy of Hannibal's campaign, but whatever the reason, she side-stepped like a good one, and Maybelle sailed right on by. Only somehow Ma's foot managed to be in the way, and Maybelle went down like a blimp on a forced landing. There was one squawk as Hanson's bird disappeared; Maybelle being mighty broad in the beam, the poor thing didn't have a chance. When the fuss and feathers cleared, Hannibal was strutting on top of the cage, looking like he was monarch of all he surveyed.

Everybody stood there dumb while Axel got Maybelle hauled to her feet. They didn't even look at their rooster, laying there like a steam roller had passed over it, but lit out like a pair of scalded cats.

"How are the mighty fallen . . ." intoned Cousin Egbert, rolling up his eyes.

Well, there wasn't much else the judge could do but put the blue ribbon on Hannibal. The crowd began to peter out, and just about then Ma began to look at Hannibal in that old speculative way. Now that Maybelle had been defeated, she was back to her old problem of a bang-up Sunday dinner for Cousin Egbert, but this time Pa was in command. With a proper flourish he scooped up Axel's abandoned rooster and laid it in Ma's arms.

"Here you have an example of the fortunes of war," he said pompously. "But as they say, to the victor belongs at spoils. I wasn't forgettin' your special Sunday dinner, Milly . . . that's why I made an agreement with Axel that winner takes all . . . includin' the other feller's bird for dinner."

"But, William . . ." put in Cousin Egbert, "you must admit that your win was rather unorthodox, to say the least. Weren't you taking a chance on sacrificing Hannibal in case the judge had decided against you?"

Pa waved his hand grandly. All at once he seemed to have gotten a new outlook on life.

"Egbert," he said, "when a feller don't know too much about things, he's got to do a lot of thinkin' an' learnin' by experience. I knew right off that I didn't know shucks about feedin' prize roosters, but Axel, he's been doin' it for years. Course, I knew there was no use expectin' him to come right out and let me in on his secrets, but there's ways an' means of doin' most everything. Jest a little a-plied seecology, an' he give it all away."

Cousin Egbert was beginning to look impressed, and even Ma was staring at him over her armful of rooster with new respect. Pa held off for a minute to build up the suspense some more, and then gave out with the details.

"All I had to do was brag on the formula I figgered on using to feed up Hannibal. Axel grabbed the bait, hook, line an' sinker. Run down everything I suggested, an' then blabbed that his was the best rooster-booster in the country. It took a day or two to get all the ingredients weaselled out of him, but in the end I got 'er all down. But jest knowing a thing ain't enough. With my system you gotta be sure. I figgered if Axel had done as good as he had all these years, I'd have to go him one better. So I jest doubled everything in his formula an' let 'er rip. Hannibal was jest bound to win!"

Well, Pa and Cousin Egbert started to carry Hannibal back to the car, so us kids took off to see the rest of the fair. We hadn't gone far, though, when we heard a big commotion. I took a quick look back, and there was Hannibal, perched on Pa's shoulder, flapping his wings, and crowing like to be heard clear across the county. Maybe he was just showing off, or maybe, like Pa, he was looking ahead to the Toronto Royal. But whatever he had in mind, he stood up there, a symbol of the first achievement Pa had ever accomplished. And while I watched, I saw Ma reach out and take Pa's hand. After all the years of arguing and scolding and finding fault, when they looked at each other and kind of smiled, it seemed as if all the hard years had never been, and they were young and full of hope again.

Even the real Hannibal, I reckon, had never known a finer hour.

BASEBALL AT RENFREW

by Stella Johnston

Stella F. Johnston, Edmonton housewife, and a Grade III teacher for the Edmonton Public School Board, has written a number of articles, educational and local-interest type; also children's stories, which have appeared in Canadian publications. She also has an article in the Alberta Golden Jubilee Anthology.

My wife's a baseball fan. Not for the same reasons that I am, but what's the difference. She's a fan and we never miss a game; and that's what I like.

She gets as much enjoyment from watching the people around us as I get from watching the players. That's fine, except that I need two pairs of eyes—one to follow the game, and one pair to go along with her. It's really disconcerting to be in the middle of a double play, and have to look at the hair-do on the blonde three rows down or to decide whether she (my wife) could wear a sun dress like that one four seats over, and if so, should she make it blue or yellow. Those are her favorite colors.

While I'm watching a "rhubarb" at third base and trying to make my voice rise above those of a lot of other yelling fans, I feel a poke in my ribs. It's my wife. She's hungry and there's not a vendor in sight. So, stoically I get to my feet, and trek downstairs for coffee and a hot dog. When I return, perhaps a half-inning later, the argument has long since been decided, but my wife can't tell me in whose favor, because she didn't know one had been going on in the first place.

I've tried to explain certain plays and manoeuvres to her, but it's hopeless. I once told her what a hit-and-run play was, when the runner on first runs to second as soon as the pitcher throws the ball, while the batter hits the ball through the hole left by the infielder who covers second, and the runner sprints to third. She just smiled and said, "But that's what they all do, dear—hit and run. That's no special play. What's the use!"

But the shoe's on the other foot when she knows something. Watch out! I was terribly embarrassed once, when a sweet young thing behind us confided to her boy friend that she didn't think the pitcher would be playing the next inning because he was sick. She had just seen the bat boy run out to first base and help him on with his jacket. My wife turned round and in no uncertain tone told her that any ball fan knew the pitcher had to wear his jacket when running to keep his arm warm.

My wife likes the lights at Renfrew. She thinks they make the outfield look like luxurious broadloom, a little

threadbare in spots, perhaps, which reminds her that we need a new living room rug, and quite often we spend the best part of an inning deciding what sort of rug would match our furniture and pocketbook. It doesn't matter that the runner on first is stealing second, or that the centrefielder has just made a spectacular catch. The rug is more important. I hope we can afford it before next year's ball season begins.

The powerhouse with its seven funnels, just beyond the park fence, reminds her of a ship and often we embark on an imaginary cruise to faraway places that takes us right out of Renfrew, in spite of my protests.

Most fans have their baseball heroes, so naturally my wife has hers. First and foremost, of course, is John Ducey. She thinks he has lost weight this year and is quite worried about the state of his health. It is a perfect evening for her when John finds it necessary to take his microphone and make an announcement from the playing field. Eddie Morris was a great favorite, too. You should have seen how excited she used to be when he would kick dirt on home plate, shove his face close up to the umpire's, and argue violently that the call should have been "ball" rather than "strike."

Big scores, double plays, and home runs are tops with my wife. She does not like no-hit no-run games and extra innings (she says the seats get too hard after nine innings, in spite of the foam rubber cushion I bought her for her birthday. She likes to watch the kids scrambling for balls in the bleachers. She likes to watch the rain falling in a silver shower just outside the protective wire fronting the grandstand. And yes, sometimes I'm sure she likes watching the teams play baseball. My wife's a real fan.

WRONG WAY TRAIL

by Archie Hollingshead

The author worked on a cattle ranch in his youth and later became an employee of the Alberta Government Telephones. He took up writing as a hobby and has had stories, poems and articles published in a number of magazines. A resident of Edmonton, he now spends his leisure time at his favorite interest, writing.

My waddy pal was a tall, slim, whip-lash of a lad of 19, same age as myself, Chet Stevens by name, who was raised in the Wyoming ranch country. We chummed up while working on Pat Burns' inverted N spread on the Bow

Flats in the fall of 1910 and discovering we both had the same ambitions threw in together as partners.

Adding to our savings, working through the winter and spring feeding stock and on riding jobs, we planned to file on some land and start a ranch of our own. Far away fields always seem greener than those at hand and we got the notion the Edmonton country would be less settled and have more free range than the south country.

When the slack off came we hit out for Calgary, picked up a small camping outfit and started out on the trail for the north. Chet was riding a big long-legged American Saddler and my mount was a tall rangy buckskin I called Diablo on account of his ornery disposition.

Several days later we rode into Edmonton. We found it bustling with construction and much expansion was in progress. It looked like the makings of a future big city straddling the valley of the Saskatchewan, but it was sure no cow town. We both felt let down after the expectations we had. We'd counted on finding ranching country and no ranches or cowhands were in sight anywhere. It didn't look like they trail-herded doggies down Jasper Avenue like we did down Ninth Avenue in Calgary.

"This here Edmonton," Chet observed, slowing his Bay and shoving back his hat, "ain't no kind of range country. The only cows I seed for the last couple of days had a bell tied around their neck an' I got the idee we took a wrong way trail."

Most of the people stared at us in our cowboy garb like we were in a circus parade.

"Don't any of these punkin-rollers know how to nod to a stranger," Chet scoffed loudly.

I guess we were conspicuous riding along Jasper in our ten-gallon hats, neck scarfs, angora chaps and slicker-covered camp gear tied to our saddle skirts. Most of the city dudes wore suits and christy-stiffs, with a sprinkling of farmers and working men in bibbed overalls and cloth caps. There was some evidence of pioneering with the occasional heavy waggon, horse and ox-drawn, lumbering along the street, but even they seemed out of place in the staid stolid business section along both sides of Jasper Avenue and First Street. We found a livery barn in a back lane and were glad to get our skittish horses off the main stem. We took a cheap room above a store, deciding to stay a day or two and see the town now that we were there. We concluded from conversations with

local residents that Edmonton was a top mixed farming district, but had too much bush to grass graze range stock.

We were fixing to saddle up on the third morning' and drift back towards Carstairs where we aimed to scout around out west in the big hills in hopes of finding a lay of land to our liking. Tired from tramping the streets, we rolled in figuring to shake a leg in the morning. I remembered something half-waking me in the night, but with no mind of anything chary in Edmonton, an' snoozing in a store bed, we were both dead to the world. Come daylight we awoke and on reaching for our pants we found they were gone. The worst of it was all our money was gone too, we'd left our rolls in our pants pockets. What simple louts we were not to guard our money better!

"It's this damn town," Chet raged. "It looked so tame and law abidin'. If it'd been Laramie or Cheyenne I'd have slept with my pants on."

We called a fellow roomer to get the police. On his way out he found our pants at the foot of the stairs with the pockets inside out. We put them on and told the police ourselves, but we never heard anything further from them. They asked us if we'd been drinking and acted as though we had committed a crime by being robbed.

We walked over to the livery barn to saddle up and get out of Edmonton and wondered what we'd do without money. We'd paid our bills the day before and at least didn't owe anything. The barn boss was sorry for our plight and offered us a dollar to get our breakfast. We accepted the accommodation and felt a little less peeved at the town. When we returned to the barn we found a couple of authoritative looking Worthies in uniform talking to the proprietor. We thought at first they were police officers and had good news for us, but learned they were military captains looking to hire saddle horses to take to Sarcee Camp at Calgary for a two weeks' cavalry training course.

"Here's a couple of Punchers with saddle bronks," introduced the barn boss. "Maybe you can hire theirs."

In talking to the Captains we found they were also recruiting rookies to temporarily enlist in their corps called the Strathcona Horse. It seemed a way out of our predicament, so me and Chet joined up for the two week camp, horses and all. We were fed and housed several days 'til we were loaded with other yokels and their mounts on a train and hauled back to Calgary. We were issued neck-choking blue tunics, breeches, leather leggings, bandoliers,

rusty spurs, and spiked helmets. We spent a day shining and burnishing buttons and gear, and pipeclaying the African hats. After we got rigged up in that get-up Chet and me almost needed to be re-introduced, we hardly knew each other. We stored our own belongings and with some misgivings took the small army saddles. I made sure I changed my Spanish spade bit on the bridle. Diablo would have walked off with the plain snaffle issue. I was also mind-easy when they told us to make a tight roll of our blankets and strap them fore and aft on our saddle. The compact blankets made a bucking roll across the fork and raised the cantle making the seat deeper and cosier.

In some confusion on the first morning we led our horses out from the lines to form up on the drill ground, a piece of flat prairie with crocuses growing around. After we jockeyed into a couple of ragged formations, the Major mounted up out front, balled the order, "Prepare to mount," followed immediately by the command, "Mount."

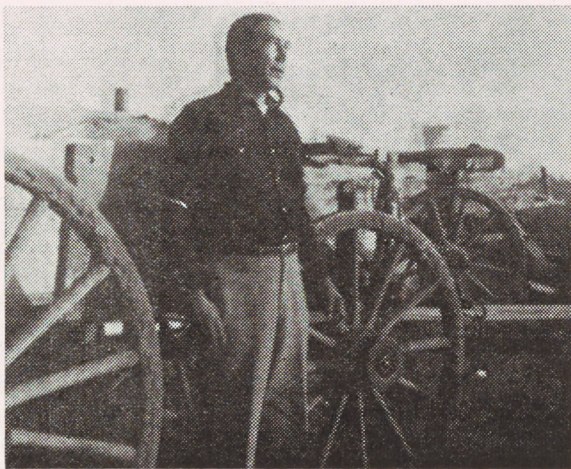
Diablo was twitching his big ears and starting to snort. I knew if I could hit the leather and keep his head up I could hold him from jumping inside out. I managed to make it and while he was walking around on his hind legs I had a grandstand view of the greatest show on earth. Nigh every horse in the squadron was bucking all over the place. The air was full of flapping arms and legs and white helmets were flying in all directions. Right pronto there were many empty saddles and unhorsed riders rolling and dodging trying to get clear of the melee. Chet's big bay was putting on a beautiful show and the bean pole was really scratchin' him. His high keening "Ye-e-e Hoi-e-e Yeh-o-o" floated above the grunts and thuds like the notes of a bugle. It was the greatest ride in his life he told me afterward.

Things quieted down in due course and it took the most of the rest of the day to round up the runaways. Apart from a few bruises no one seemed to be badly hurt. Next morning we were mustered out to get on with the training program as if nothing had happened. Everyone was on his toes this time to stay with his mount. The horses having had their fling, behaved more docilely, and seemed willing to settle down and go to work.

We put in our two weeks of cavalry training, although I never did get Diablo to line up and work in with the squad. He refused to be crowded and was too handy with his shod hooves in close quarters. After the second day the Major resolved the situation by making me a dispatch

rider and an advanced guard on sham skirmishes. This suited the buckskin better because he had more room to pelt around in.

At the end of the deal we got a few dollars pay from the Army, but not enough to make any start at ranching. Chet was burned up with Alberta and swung up to head back to what he called "God's Country" across the line. I continued saddle tramping south of Calgary for a spell, but I never did get around to becoming a rancher.



A Cree Indian from Lake Wabamun
at the Pilgrimage.

INDIAN WAGONS

by Hope Morritt Cameron

Hope Morritt Cameron began her writing career in 1942 when she did news and women's stories for the Edmonton Bulletin. In recent years she has worked on a free lance basis, selling to the Toronto Globe and Mail, The Family Herald, Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Western Producer, and Edmonton Journal.

As a child, during the "dirty thirties," I remember chasing the Indian wagons that, each summer, rumbled in an endless cavalcade around Lac Ste. Anne in the heart of Alberta. The trail behind our cabin was always a pall of dust in mid-July, and from the moment that the first wagons rolled, the cottagers smiled. "Pilgrimage week already," they echoed year after year, with a calm indifference to this historical procession. For these were Canada's Northwest Indian tribes journeying to the lonely little

mission of Ste. Anne on the far shore of the lake. This has been an annual pilgrimage since 1889, and the mission, the first in the Canadian Northwest, was established in 1842.

Fostered by such notable, historical figures as Bishop V. Grandin and Father Albert Lacombe, Ste. Anne's has become a veritable Mecca to Canada's once nomadic tribes, and a Lourdes to the ailing and sick, the crippled and handicapped. It is here, on the shore of the lake, with a statue of St. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary, watching serenely from an outside alcove of the small church, that cripples have dropped their crutches, dark eyes, blinded for years have suddenly seen family and loved ones. But it isn't only for these miraculous cures that the Indian journeys each year. Here, he renews his faith in the white man's God; meets friends and relatives from distant hunting grounds; and swaps tales of the year.

During the thirties, I remember the dark-skinned children, their black eyes peering in wonder over the edge of the rough wagon boxes or out the back of the horse-drawn tarp-covered buggies; the babies swathed in traditional moss bags; the cows tied to the rear of a few of the wagons so that the families could have a supply of milk at the mission.

Since my father's cabin was one of the first on the northwest road skirting the lake, I remember an odd wagon rolling to a stop here, and a swarthy brave stepping up shyly and asking in broken English, for water for his thirsty family. The forthcoming pail of sparkling well water with dipper thrown in, brought smiles to tired, brown faces when the Prairies sizzled under the heat of a scalding July sun. When the pail was returned, empty, my father always asked the same question.

"Where do you come from?"

The answers were varied . . . "Montana . . . British Columbia . . . Yukon Territories . . . Saskatchewan . . . Manitoba."

I have vivid recollections of a lonely, young brave staggering up late one night. He was covered with a fine coat of dust from his black, braided hair to the shabby moccasins which adorned his extra large feet. He gulped ravenously of the water which my father handed to him in the traditional tin dipper, and after drinking deeply and long, he ran his arm across his mouth wiping off the excess moisture with the sleeve of his buckskin shirt.

"How far to the mission?" he asked in fairly good English.

"Five miles," my father answered.

"Good," he said. "It's not far. I've come from Watson Lake."

Dad frowned and looked incredulously at the dark-skinned lad. "That's all of 1000 miles," he said in amazement, then looking to the distant road, shaded by poplars and willows for the vaguest sign of a buggy, he added, "You travelled on horseback . . . perhaps?"

The brave shook his head. "On foot. I started in March while there was still snow." He looked at his feet, then pointed to the shabby moccasins. "I've worn out two pair, but I think these will see me to the mission."

A few wagons still rumble, but the Indian, like the Whiteman, has become mechanized in recent years. Late model automobiles with an assortment of license plates now raise a dust around the lake during pilgrimage week as 6000 "Redmen" pour into Ste. Anne's. But the automobile does not have the sturdy qualities of the old wagons, for when rain pelts down on the lakeside trail, the horseless carriage is bogged down.

According to Father George Roussel, Oblate missionary at Lac Ste. Anne, the early pilgrims prayed for rain to end a number of parched years. It seems, St. Anne was over generous, and each year it seldom fails to rain sometime during the pilgrimage week.

Services at the mission last for one day—the Wednesday closest to the feast of St. Anne on July 26. Masses are held in a rough, shuttered church on the lake front, and in the evening a torchlight parade is held around the grounds as the Indians make the Stations of the Cross and meditate upon the way of Christ to Calvary.

Overnight, pitched tents disappear, and by Thursday morning the only memory of another Pilgrimage are the blackened embers of hundreds of camp fires.

Once again a pall of dust settles over the lakeside trail, and the "Redman" returns to his dry fishing nets and deserted farms. He ponders, and wonders about the Sun Dance that usually follows the trek to the mission. Father Roussel, and his band of 28 Oblates who come from surrounding churches to help at pilgrimage time, annually denounce this last of the pagan dances.

In early days, the young men of the tribes were compelled to undergo the torture of the Sun Dances before they could aspire to become braves. They stood naked except for war gear of shield and weapons, and the skin of their chests was lacerated with wooden splints attached by cords to the top of a long pole. The youthful Indians

threw themselves back from the cords and with their faces to the sun followed its course in a circle around the pole.

Encouraged by warriors who had already passed the strenuous test of the dance, the chant of spectators, and the beat of drums, this one pagan rite worked the tribes into a pitch of dangerous excitement. Then, the first white fur traders appeared and introduced whisky to the western Indian. The Sun Dance became treacherous beyond the whiteman's wildest dreams. The early missionaries and red coated mounties worked together to put an end to this heathen nightmare, until now only a few tribes still cling to the dance.

Each year after the mission, another family forsakes the barbaric tradition. Soon, the Sun Dance will be only a haunting memory. But the Indian doesn't mind. His pilgrimage to Ste. Anne's has taught him that the white man's God has willed it so.

THE STAMPEDE

In the sprawling foothills city where the Elbow joins
the Bow,

There's a recreation sports park where they have an
annual show.

In a high board fenced enclosure there's a famous piece
of ground,

That is known to many cowboys where the champions
are crowned.

There's an age-old fighting contest till the timing claxon
toots,

'Tween man and beast in combat when they come out
of the chutes.

Where spectators gape in tension and life and limb are
staked

As they watch a real life drama that is far from being
faked.

Where the cowboys of two nations lay their prowess on
the line.

And compete for highest honors with a spirit sanguine.
It's a test of strength and daring and of skill and sports-
man's creed,

For which they pay their entry money at the Calgary
Stampede.

—Archie Hollingshead.

HIGH WALLS

by Maud McEwen

The author sent her first article to the Edmonton Journal in June 1931. Since that time Mrs. McEwen has had articles and stories published in the Vancouver Daily Province and other publications across Canada. She won a scholarship to the Banff School of Fine Arts. Recently she was a contributor to the CBC programmes.

It was during the building of the Alaska Highway when the Kerensky family moved to the Peace. They arrived on a beautiful June day when the land spread away in a vast tapestry of green, stretching in every direction; while 70 miles to the South-West the long range of the rugged snow-capped peaks of the Rockies stood like sentinels guarding the Peace.

The early flowers along the roadsides lifted their heads in gay profusion, like young girls arrayed in their Easter wardrobes. Only a few miles away the turbulent Peace River (from which the country derived its name) flowed Northward oblivious of the mad rush of humanity to build a road so close and over its wild waters.

To Sydney, the fourteen-year-old son of the Kerenskys, the Peace River country was a veritable paradise, but to his mother it was much more, after the ten long years of drought in the middle western States. While Sid's father assisted in the building of the Highway, Sid and his mother lived in a small shack in Dawson Creek, the end of the steel, and the beginning of the now famous Highway.

In the States the Kerenskys had lived with people of their own nationality, but here in Canada it was different. The younger generation were mostly Canadian born and some resented the intrusion of strangers into their homeland. It was their country, their beautiful Peace River, where in the winter they skated and played hockey, skied and toboganed.

Each season brought its own pleasures. Summer with the many baseball games; swimming and hiking. Sports day and rodeos in almost every town, followed by dancing during the evening. These young people were jealous of their homes, their sports, in fact of everything they possessed. Many had never been "outside." Now strangers were among them; people from different parts of the world.

While the older generation welcomed the newcomers, their children felt differently. The town was a beehive of activity; agog with excitement from morning till night. During the summer months the work never ceased—night

and day the building of the Road went on, for there was very little darkness.

Sid had only been in school a short time when he came home one afternoon, determination written on his youthful face. Throwing his armful of books on the kitchen table he said to his mother, "Gee whizz, I'm quittin' school."

"Why?" his mother replied. "I thought you liked school." Her face clouded, but not an expression of surprise. "Do sit down, Sid dear, and please tell me." She sat down at the end of the table ready to listen to her son's troubles.

Sid gave the table leg a resounding kick as he took the chair at the table. His eyes glared. "Well, it's this way, mother," he began. "A bunch of us new fellows want to join the baseball club, there is Jim Kato, Johnny Olsen, Sammy Olachuck, Henry Walters, Petie Hall and Georgie Washington and me . . ."

Before Sid had time to proceed his mother interrupted. "Did you say Georgie Washington? The colored boy we saw on the train. Is that the boy?" she asked soberly.

"Yes, that's the one. The fellows all like him. I do too. He does all sorts of little jobs for them, like carrying baseball bats an' fetching them drinks of water when they're playing; you know the kind of kid, mother."

"But what's the trouble? Can't you join?" his mother asked, returning the questioning glance of her son.

"Well," Sid hesitated, "the boys say I'm a Jew. They just won't have me in their club. They will have everyone, even Georgie. What's the matter with being a Jew?" he asked, sobbing.

"Son," his mother sighed, as she arose from her chair and went to him placing her hand on his curly black hair. "Son, it's always been like this for our people, always," she reiterated. "Maybe some day things will be different. Just the same as our forefathers in the Bible. We can't scale the high walls."

"Well, I'm quittin' that's all," he replied, giving the table leg another kick.

"All right," his mother said sorrowfully. "I know how you feel. I've felt like you do many, many times." She kissed his black curls, and dried his tears with the corner of her apron. "We'll see what your father says when he comes home Saturday night."

By Saturday night, Sid had a job in the largest general store in town. He was working most evenings besides, helping at the very busy hotel, carrying baggage for the hundreds of men coming and going for the work on the

new Road. Sid was making more money than he ever dreamed he could make at his age.

Summer passed quickly for Sid. He had no time for play, but his bank account was piling up, which pleased his parents, although they regretted his not being in school.

It was an unusually cold winter, the winter of 1943. Temperatures often ranged from 30 to 40 degrees below zero, sometimes reaching 50, with several feet of snow banked everywhere. The newcomers shivered.

The quiet little town which had been so very dull during the depression years was now a different place. Every person was busy and making money. Although Sid was kept fully occupied he was not happy. He craved for companionship of his own age. He had none. True, he might have made a few friends, but after his unhappy experience at school, he shunned the boys as much as possible. He contented himself, when he had the opportunity by peering through the knot holes in the high board fence enclosing the rink where the boys played hockey.

How he envied them! Their trim bright uniforms, their shining skates and their smart shoes as they sped over the ice. He made one attempt to learn hockey, but their captain, Monty Hill had said, "No more outsiders on our team." That was enough for Sid.

It was New Year's night. The thermometer registered 40 below, while the Northern Lights danced across the skies. The whole heavens were star-studded, while the moon shone in all its brilliance.

Sid enjoyed these nights. They were almost as bright as day. He did not mind the cold for he was warmly clad. Coming out of the hotel on this New Year's night, he saw over by the railroad tracks, a thin spiral of smoke; then in a few minutes a small blaze. His keen mind recalled that only the day before a shipment of dynamite had been placed there for storage. He ran as fast as he could and gave the fire alarm. On his way he spied Larry's little brother playing make-believe hockey on a small piece of ice. He was the station agent's son. Sid advised him to go home, but Larry paid no attention to him.

Sid had to think quickly. He had a parcel to deliver. Would he have time? Grasping the parcel tightly he ran for Larry, dragging the screaming and kicking child to the door of the station, even opening the door and pushing him in. As he turned to go home a terrific explosion burst upon his ears. He ran back into the station waiting-room. The door into the living-room was open. He could hear Larry's mother talking and see her wringing her hands.

"Oh Larry, Larry, I thought you were still out." She placed her arms around him holding him tightly, while she shook from the shock of the explosion so close by.

"You were a good boy to come home. I've been so very busy I did not take time to go to look for you," she shivered.

"Oh, but Mummy, I didn't come home by myself. I kicked Sid and scratched him, too. I wanted to play hockey, an' he wouldn't let me—an' I was winnin' too."

"Do you mean Sid, the boy who delivers groceries? The boy who wanted to join the baseball club—the Jew boy? Why, he really saved your life."

Sid could wait no longer. He stepped into the room. "Excuse me, please, Mrs. Hill. I had to bring Larry home. Could I have a bandage for my cheek? A piece of glass caught me as I went out of the door."

"Sid, I'm so very, very sorry," Mrs. Hill said, as she bandaged Sid's cheek, which was bleeding profusely. They talked of the explosion, because from the window they could see buildings burning and people running hither and thither.

"Sid, I think you saved Larry's life. How can I ever repay you?" She looked towards Larry who was now fast asleep on the couch.

"Well, it was the only thing to do. I knew the danger Larry was in."

"You know, Sid, I'm so very sorry about Monty's attitude toward your joining the clubs. It was mostly my fault. So many strangers have come to this town recently, and then, too, I'm afraid I'm not tolerant towards your people. Will you forgive me, Sid?" she asked sadly. "I shall see that you may join any sports you wish. That is if you will now," she continued coaxingly.

Sid greeted his mother that night, his face wreathed in smiles. "Oh, mother, I'm going to play hockey. I'm going back to school, too."



Off on the Overland Trail

THE MUSKEG TRAIL

by Beatrice Todd

The author is a retired high school teacher who has, since her graduation from the University of Western Ontario, been interested in writing as a hobby. She has had short stories and articles published in a number of Canadian publications and was also a contributor to the Alberta Golden Jubilee Anthology.

"Clean mad for the muck called gold," were the words used by the late Robert W. Service in describing the fever of the Klondike gold seekers. Clean mad, too were some of the expeditions which set out for the foot of the rainbow, and the trails by which they travelled.

Probably no trail in the world was more nebulous, or fraught with more difficulties, than the so-called "Overland Route" of '98 from Edmonton to the Yukon. This was strictly an imaginary route and about as well defined as, say a trail from Norman Wells to Russia.

One of the parties which started out on this trail and a party, by the way, well-equipped and not of the greenhorn class, was made up of: Frank Walker, Johnson Carscadden of Fort Saskatchewan, Thomas Cinnamon of Agricola, J. H. Reed and Albert Walker of Lamont, and Wm. Hepburn of Saskatoon.

"Six of us started from Edmonton for the Yukon by the Overland Trail, but only three arrived there. I'm glad I made the trip, but I wouldn't have repeated it for all the gold in the Klondike."

These were the sentiments expressed by Frank Walker, M.L.A., in his written account of the journey now in the Provincial Archives in Edmonton.

The party left Edmonton on the 8th of March, 1898, intending to make Fort St. John before the ice went out of the Peace River.

They travelled with cayuses and Indian jumpers, the runners of which, made from birch were very serviceable for crossing the rough terrain that lay ahead of them. One cayuse was hitched to each jumper with a load of about 800 pounds. They had 35 horses and one very tough mule called Sophie.

By the time they reached the Athabasca, many of the preceding parties had become discouraged with the route and shown their sentiments by epitaphs carved on the blazed trees along the route. One of the most "killing" hills was the north side of the Athabasca near old Fort Assiniboine. The hill, a long one, was littered with broken boxes, smashed sleighs, harness, and other abandoned equipment. At the top, some disillusioned gold seekers had erected a board with a hand pointing each way. The one pointing north read: "To Dawson City 2,433½ miles," and the other: "To Home Sweet Home."

The party was appalled at the terrible hills they had to overcome in the Swan Hills country. But they eventually got through and arrived at Lesser Slave Lake. Here along the south shore of the Lake, they found dead horses in abundance, most of them having starved to death.

From Grouard there was a passable road to Peace River Crossing, and travel was much faster.

After a needed few days' rest at Peace River, they continued their trip up the river. At Dunvegan, they were compelled to get off as the ice was becoming rotten. This was disappointing. They had hoped to reach Fort St. John with their sleighs.

From Dunvegan, they continued their journey by pack horses. Some of their heavy supplies, such as flour, they left behind, as they found they had too much to pack with horses.

Getting to the top of the long Dunvegan Hill, the travellers looked back.

"The sight reminded us of the Retreat from Moscow," wrote Frank. "Horses, pack saddles, flour, pork and beans, and much equipment were discarded all over the hillside by those who had gone before. Our horses balking at the climb, laid down, rolled, and did everything to get their loads off."

But trouble was only beginning. Soon they reached swampy land. As the frost came out of the ground, the muskegs became soft and were well-nigh impassable. Each small creek was flooding and dangerous to cross.

After a long exhausting struggle they reached Fort St. John, and a few days later, Chimrose Prairie, 14 miles north, where the feed was excellent for their horses. They camped and rested there for 10 days.

On this last leg of their journey, misfortune befell their mule, Sophie. At the top of a steep hill leading from a creek, Sophie's hind legs gave out. She rolled, end over end, down the hill with her load of supplies and disappeared among the trees 150 feet below. Taking two horses the men went down to bring up Sophie's load of flour and beans.

They found Sophie right side up, wedged between two good-sized trees. They had to cut down one to get her out and remove her load. Then she shook herself and walked to the top of the hill apparently unhurt. Two weeks later, however, she sickened and died, no doubt from internal injuries received in the fall.

Leaving Chimrose Prairie, the party started through the mountains by Half River and Laurier Pass to Fort Graham. Here the fishing was excellent and the pasturage good. Fort Graham was reached on the second of July. Carscadden turned back at this point, having had enough.

The rest of the party pushed on, going up the east fork of the Findlay River. They camped on the middle fork of the Findlay for a week as the grass was excellent. Travelling up the middle fork they crossed the Divide to the Black River, a tributary of the Liard. Here they had serious trouble owing to a previous party letting fires get away. These had destroyed timber and set the thick moss on fire to smoulder for months. The feet of several horses were burned in the hot ashes they were forced to travel through for miles.

They followed the Liard to Sylvester's Outpost, an old trading post. Here Hepburn and Albert Walker decided to give up the trip and hit for the coast by an old trail.

Cinnamon, Reed, and Frank Walker continued northwards. To relieve their horses, they bought a boat and floated their supplies down to Liard Post—driving the unloaded horses overland.

From Liard Post, the party journeyed up the Liard and Francis Rivers to Francis Lake. On this leg of the journey, their worst difficulties began. It was early Octo-

ber and there was little feed for their horses along the way. They lost a horse a day. At this point they were joined by a man from Missouri named Shahaun.

Shahaun and Reed elected to stay with the grub and the remaining horses, while Cinnamon and Walker pushed on with three of the best horses to Francis Lake to build a winter cabin. Ten inches of snow fell during the night making travel slow and miserable. Up the west side of the Lake they found 18 or 20 "Klondikers" already denned up for the winter. The two men bunked with this party until they had a cabin up and were prepared for winter. They were only able to subsist through the generosity of their neighbours, who were not too flush with food themselves. Because of lack of feed they had no choice but to destroy their horses.

Their idea was to wait for the Lake to freeze and go back for their comrades. On each attempt they found the ice not solid and travel through the bush was impossible in the wet, heavy snow. It was not until just before Christmas that they were able to make a successful start. Even then the weather was not yet cold enough to make good travel conditions.

Travelling down the river on snowshoes, they found that under the snow and on top of the ice was a great deal of water. In a short distance, their snowshoes became so heavy that travelling was practically impossible. Turning up the bank, they camped in the bush.

Arriving at the edge of the timber weary and discouraged, Frank turned and remarked: "This is hell."

"No, this is Christmas Day," replied his companion, sadly.

"I took a vow over our frugal meal of beans and bannock, that never again would I spend Christmas away from home," wrote Frank.

After several days of slow, heavy travelling, they arrived at their cache. A note left by their comrades stated they had gone ten miles back down the river to winter in a cabin.

The first thing they seized from their cached supplies was a plug, each, of smoking tobacco, which tasted mighty good after weeks without any. They had tried smoking tea, coffee, and bark, but found them poor substitutes.

After rejoining their friends, the party rested for a few weeks before making the return journey early in January. Their horses dead or strayed, they cut down their toboggans and made sleighs of them to haul their supplies

to the cabin on the Lake. Out of meat they reached an Indian camp where they tried to make a deal for moose meat. The Indians aware of high prices in the Yukon asked \$1.00 per pound. Not having this kind of money, Walker and his crew seemed up against it, but a happy incident changed the picture.

The son of the old chief, who could speak a little English, said his squaw was sick and asked if they had a medicine man. Remembering the wonderful medicine chest which Reed had brought, they told the Indian they had a doctor with them.

Next day they set up this medicine chest on a toboggan covered with a gaudy-colored blanket and went to the Indian camp. Taking pulses and giving out remedies, Reed, who knew some medicine, made a wonderful impression on the Indians. Next day they flocked over to the white camp, each bearing gifts of moosemeat. The journey up the river was made in easy stages. By March 15th they had reached their cabin and their new friends at the Lake.

On the 17th of March, there were signs of an early spring, so they portaged 50 miles over to Pelly Banks, on the Pelly River. They were in excellent trim and took the lead in breaking the trail for their companions, who, weak from a lazy winter, had a hard time to keep going.

The entire party arrived at the Pelly early in April and settled down to make boats. As their meat was all gone by this time, they shot squirrels to eat with their beans. They had a long wait at the river. The ice did not go out until the 23rd of May. The following day, they were off, six boats in all. They had a comparatively easy time on this last leg of their journey.

At Selkirk, they received the first news for eight months of what was going on in the outside world. They arrived at their goal, Dawson City, the first week in June. All were glad to be safely there and done with the mythical overland trail.

WINTER VISITORS

Pretty little wax-wings, beeping merrily,
Having such a happy time on the rowan tree,
Jolly, jolly wax-wings dining happily
On bright red seeds so busily, then whosh and see
Them swoop away on dashing wing.
O'er the house-tops around the swing,
Then back again to the selfsame tree.
And may I think to again greet me?

—J. L. Hollinshead

TIMOTHY

by L. M. Sivertson

Mrs. L. Margaret Sivertson, a native of Saskatchewan, has been kept busy as teacher, farmer's wife, and mother.

Now teaching in Alberta and with the family grown, she has taken up writing as a hobby and has had several children's stories and articles published.

Though Timothy was an unwanted baby and got off to a bad start, he had an adventurous life. I suppose he shouldn't have hatched at all. He started out as the lone egg in an abandoned turkey hen's nest on our farm in Alberta. Mother found the egg, carefully took up the speckled treasure, and carried it to the brooder house. There she placed it beneath the russet breast of Biddy, who was awaiting motherhood on the morrow.

Next day Biddy's eggs chipped on schedule, and 12 downy puffballs made their appearance. The following night not an egg-shell was left in the nest, except the huge interloper. But neither Mother nor Biddy gave up hope. Two days later, the shell cracked and a bedraggled young turkey kicked himself out—into the warmth of the nest and Biddy's cosy plumage. We called him Timothy, and from the start he ruled the roost.

There was no pleasing that turkey chick and he loved attention. His plaintive "yeep-yeep" could be heard when we came near the brooder house and lasted until we were out of ear-shot. Long after Biddy's chicks could hunt bugs or scratch for themselves, he went yeeeping around the farmyard, a distraught Biddy clucking anxiously after him.

Timothy came into swaggering young turkey-hood. He would strut around the yard trying out his wingspread and fanning his tail. His early attempts at gobbling outdid the efforts of his older, stronger brothers.

The market season came and went, and we still had Timothy with us. Having survived thus far, he tempted fate all winter by taking most of his meals from the feeding troughs in the fox kennels. We expected him to lose his head, but not Timothy! After helping himself liberally from the foxes' dinner table (with the protection of a wire fence between unwilling host and unwelcome guest) he would strut up and down in front of the pen, his crimson wattles dancing in derision and his gobble-obble-obble tumbling over itself. The foxes, padding noiselessly around the inside of the enclosure, bared their teeth in angry frustration.

Spring found Timothy a full-fledged, handsome bronze tom. Although he treated the other poultry and farm animals condescendingly, he held us humans in high favor. He escorted Mother around the poultry yard and followed the children to the pasture to bring in the milk cows. He even followed us one Sunday when we walked across the fields to church, though no one noticed him at the time.

We had an exchange minister from the city that Sunday who opened his service with a prayer, "Oh, Lord, we beseech Thee, hear us!"

"Gobble-obble-obble!" interrupted a raucous voice from the open doorway. In spite of good Methodist manners, every head jerked around, that is, all but heads of one family — ours! No need for any one of us to look. We knew that voice.

Every time the minister raised his voice, Timothy did too. He accompanied the congregation all through the doxology. Finally, in sheer desperation, Mother gestured dismissal and I tiptoed out the door. For the remainder of the hour Timothy and I played a battle of wits — I trying, with the aid of pebbles and small sticks, to persuade him that he had outstayed his welcome and he letting me know he had his rights and meant to stand up for them.

To atone for Timothy's bad manners, Mother persuaded the minister to come home for dinner. After one of her excellent meals, the mollified visitor laughed off the incident. But not Mother! From then on, Timothy was securely locked in before the family left for church.

The one member of the household who could not abide Timothy was our collie, Rocky. As long as Timothy stayed in the poultry yard, all was well. But one summer evening he strolled up to the house. Apparently he had not noticed Rocky peacefully resting in his favourite spot on the verandah. Rocky's eyes opened and his lip curled, but Timothy sauntered by unheeding.

Then, as Timothy circled the house the third time, things happened. Thrusting his head suddenly between the verandah rails he emitted a loud "Cut-cut!" of derision. Wattles flaming, he lowered his wings, spread his tail-feathers and strutted back and forth. The hackles along the dog's back rose and his teeth bared warningly, but still he made no move.

Time and again the gobbler sallied up to the verandah and taunted the collie, who seemed to draw himself closer together inside the shelter of his golden hide. Canine

endurance can stand only so much. An extra loud gobble and a few inches more neck stretched out towards him snapped the collie's control. With a snarl of rage he sprang at his tormentor.

The fray was short. My brother ran out with the broom, but he didn't get in a lick. In the melee of dust, fur and feathers, no one could tell which was the vanquished and which the victor.

Rocky was never quite the same after that. He wore a hangdog look. He began taking solitary jaunts and seldom slept on the verandah any more.

The gobbler, who glorified in his apparent victory, visited the house daily. If the verandah was untenanted, he would saunter back to the barnyard; but if the collie were there, that turkey never failed to provoke him into a battle. Their rounds were short but bitter, neither seeming to win a decisive victory although blood and feathers flew.

It couldn't go on indefinitely. When Father read the ad in the paper and passed it across to Mother we knew the end was in sight.

"Wanted: bronze tom, banded stock, for coming season. State price required, age of bird, etc., to Wellworth Turkey Farm," read Mother, and we knew relief for Rocky's sake.

In due time arrangements were concluded. The day came when Timothy bade farewell to the farm he had known since babyhood. He stood proudly erect in the crate in the back of the truck, surveying the farmyard in a lordly fashion. Just as the new owner stepped into the cab, Rocky slunk around the corner of the house. A beady look came into Timothy's eye. Thrusting his head through the side of the crate, he accosted Rocky with a 'Cut-cut-cut'. The hackles began to rise along the dog's back, but at a word from Mother he turned and, tail waving proudly, settled himself on the verandah. The truck moved slowly away and our last glimpse of Timothy showed him attempting to strut in the confines of his crate.

FARM LANDS DISAPPEAR

by Jessie Hazard Smith

The author was born in Prince Edward Island of United Loyalist stock and graduated from Emerson College, Boston, specializing in Dramatics. She and her husband spent many years in the Peace River Country. Mrs. Smith is now a prominent Edmonton business woman. Writing is one of her spare-time hobbies.

The spring morning was fresh and lovely as Smithy went out on the porch of their new home.

A vacant lot near by was suddenly displaying fresh evidence of activity, the unmistakable sound of a bulldozer digging another basement, not many good Hardisty lots were left and this desirable one was also to have a new house. Smithy looked down the road to the river bank beyond. Nostalgic memories stirred. That air, it seemed the same kind of a morning. He was back almost fifty years ago. What changes!

My, it seemed such a long trek to the river. The trouble with the horse that morning. The little snake curled up in the bed. What a start it had given them.

The tree tops were no more, instead there were rows and rows of roof tops as as they could see, red, green, blue, with shining new houses below. Now a good wide road to the river

Monday morning for most busy people is always a little more crowded than any other and it was the same for the Smith Brothers that morning long ago. They had rented a farm ten miles out, Clover Bar way, and now this weekend they were spending at their home. They had thought there would be lots of time to do the various things planned, but Monday morning comes so soon.

Mother Smith was helping the boys get ready for the trip back. She had done extra baking for them to take with them. Articles had to be carefully packed and extra sacks of feed put up for the horses. A sufficient supply of necessities for the week had to be loaded on the wagons. They worked hurriedly, for they had a long drive ahead of them.

The Smith house, at 143 St. and 98 Ave. was the first in that area, now Crestwood, and still stands staunchly today, among the trees planted at that time. The early trail from there led across the coulee past the Cairns house to a point where it intersected the Stony Plain Road, then it proceeded east through the bush, across the Edmonton, Yukon, Pacific Railway tracks at 124th St., and led di-

agonally across the Hudson's Bay Reserve. Near 116th Street many squatters' tents could still be seen. Some building activity had started and lots were being cleared for new houses.

From Jasper Avenue you turned to MacDougall Avenue and proceeded down the MacDougall Hill to the Low Level Bridge, the only bridge crossing on the Saskatchewan River at that time, then continued through Ross Flats to the foot of the Dowler Hill at the Baseline. Then up to the old Dawson home and coal mine. The trail there led east, over deep gullies with inclines so steep it required four horses to move the loaded wagons. They "doubled the hill" which meant hitching the two horses from the hind wagon to the front of number one load. When the top of the hill was reached, they retraced their steps, and brought up the second load in the same manner.

When the boys reached the farm yard the horses had to be fed and led down through bush to the river for water. There was no road down, not even space wide enough for a wagon. The horses had to be led singly, down a narrow path to the only available water. One of the horses got loose and began to wade up the river. He had to be retrieved. Then on the return journey, Smithy had to handle the horses, carry a pail of drinking water, and make the steep climb back to the yard. His brother was working on the seed drill. By the the time the horses were back and hitched to the drill Smithy said they were ready for another drink.

Their Mother who had recently arrived from the East, had worried about the boys using the old log house on the property. She had sniffed, as only an Ontario woman can, and said, "Goodness no! They can't stay in that old place. There might be germs!" Therefore the boys had to set up a tent near the log building.

When the horses were feeding, the brothers had entered the tent to have some lunch. They decided to straighten the bed, and there curled up on what had been a warm spot in the blankets, was a good-sized garter snake. Many were found along the river bank, sunning themselves, in those days.

Before Smithy actually got any seeding done that day, many hours had passed. Thinking of it now, he told himself "What a Monday!"

Standing there on the porch he looks down the new wide road to the river. As he watches the passengers ride by in the bus, over smooth asphalt, he wonders how many

of them would realize it was harder, longer, rougher, to travel ten miles in Edmonton in the old days.

A neighbor's voice broke his reverie. "Mr. Smith, they should build a pretty good house on that lot, they paid six thousand dollars for it." Smithy is really back to the present now, and almost shouted at him, "Why man it seems like yesterday when my brother and I had this whole one hundred and ninety acres rented. We almost bought this land for thirty-five hundred dollars."

They sat on the steps and talked the story over and ended up with the usual remark, "My, Edmonton, how it has grown!

R-DAY

by Jack H. Phillips

Born and spent the early part of his life on a farm near Unity, Saskatchewan. Graduated from the University of Alberta with a Commerce degree in the lean thirties. Presently an accountant who writes office type stories.

As I entered the office the noonday din gradually simmered down. The new girls in the stenographic pool squared themselves around with their desks and the company magazine went into hiding. But Lizzie Graham, a plump left-on-the-shelf member of the staff for twenty years dropped her copy on the desk and beckoned me over.

"Look at the mess you've made of this report on Mr. Tellium's hobby," and she drew her finger along the error. "It's outrageous!"

"Spools," I read aloud, "who on earth made that mistake?"

Lizzie obligingly pointed out the contributor's name. "I only know of one Tom Jones employed here," she commented, "and I'm talking to him."

For seconds I stood looking down at Lizzie's greying hair. There was a definite grey tinge to that once black pride.

"It could be an error of the new editor," I suggested hopefully, "you know what HST always contends, "a new employee, bound to be errors."

Lizzie turned sideways and tripped lightly from N to L on the typewriter. She didn't say a word but I sensed that she considered it impossible. "I wonder how he'll take it?" she asked after a time.

"Me too," I replied and made my way slowly to my desk and slumped into the chair. A copy of the 'Web' was there and half-heartedly I turned to the retirements. The photo of Henry Stuart Tellium was there stern and grim; and in the last paragraph the same offending sentence that read, "Mr. Tellium makes a hobby of collecting old spoons."

Before I had finished the second reading of the article George Tubby came rushing up. He was the new editor and in a couple of months, he would occupy my chair. He had the open magazine in his hand—his intentions were more than obvious.

"Don't shout, I know all about it," I advised trying to suppress the pending outburst.

But the advise was wasted. "Mr. Jones, you've got to do something about Mr. Tellium and his hobby!" and in George's shrill voice it was worse than shouting.

"I knew about it before you arrived. It should be spoons. Where did you get this nonsense about spoons?" I asked.

"Nonsense? Why that's what you wrote," and he jerked a handwritten report out of his pocket, "here it is," and he pointed to the word, "spools just as plain as I ever want to see it."

I looked and what I saw made me feel sick. There was no doubt now.

"You know what, Mr. Jones?"

I shook my head.

"I hear that Mr. Tellium has a tongue like a sheet of sandpaper," and he trailed off, "it's awful for both of us."

"I'll have to do something," I said finally. "Possibly it's not your fault but I do think you could have questioned—"

"Yes, but you've known Mr. Tellium all your life," interrupted George, "and hobbies are such strange things. For all I know, the old duffer might have been saving old baseballs as a hobby. I printed what was submitted and that's what I'll have to say."

"Naturally, but it isn't exactly a pleasure for me to tell Mr. Tellium that it is my fault even if he is in the best of humor. I don't think that you can be considered blameless. If you had just stopped to think—spools? Who on earth would want to save spoons?"

"If it suits you better, I'll go and tell him myself," George said hotly.

I shook my head, "just settle down, the sea has been as rough as this before and nobody was drowned."

George wasn't impressed. "I have a mind to go and see Mr. Tellium right now and explain so I won't be the goat."

"If Mr. Tellium is in his usual disposition, I can assure you that you'd wish you were a goat and mighty far away from here too. I said I'd do something."

George left and I shut out the noisy office din and began to devise ways of dealing with the situation. I had hoped that the error would be on the new editor — that would have resolved the problem so easily — new employee, mistakes, naturally as HST had so pointedly observed on many occasions. But instead it rested neatly but uncomfortably on my shoulders. Much as I hated to admit it, the only workable solution was to see HST and hope for the best.

George was back again, "Lizzie says I should march you right up to Mr. Tellium and get you to confess."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, how has Lizzie got mixed up in this affair? It's no business of hers. How did she get appointed as an advisor?"

"I showed her your report."

I breathed heavily. "If you want to become a success here you'll have to keep your mouth shut and I do mean shut."

"But I'm getting all the blame. When I walk through the office I feel as if everyone was saying; there's the guy who made the mistake! I feel awful and it wasn't my fault. For very little I'd go up and see Mr. Tellium so he'd have the facts of the case."

"You just leave the managing of this problem to me. I'll get around the muddle somehow. It will be fixed up," I vowed.

"That's what I'm afraid of!"

"What?"

"I don't want it fixed up. I want it righted so that blame falls where it belongs."

George left with files and I wrestled anew with the problem. I had to see HST first so I could explain the matter from my viewpoint.

Mechanically I picked up the Web again and turned to the retirements. But regardless of how often I read it, that fool word spools always turned up.

The idea of going to see HST chilled me. I had little to do with him since he had moved so far up the success

ladder. Yes it was true that my wife and I were invited to the annual New Year's open house at Tellium's. But our contacts stopped there. That was the extent of 'knowing him all my life.'

Well be you a man or be you a mouse," Lizzie asked bringing me back to reality with a rude shock.

"Oh a little of each," I bantered, "a little of each," and I tried to appear unworried.

"Time is running out and he is free to see either you or George."

"Thanks Lizzie, I'll drop in right away."

Strange as it may seem at the moment I knew exactly what I would say. The speech was as clear as if I had pondered it for hours. I got up quickly and went to the glass partition enclosure that bore in black letters on the door, H. S. Tellium.

He welcomed me in as usual and for a few minutes seemed occupied by something on the desk. "Well Tom," he finally said, "it's like old times to see you again. Remember we started the same day. Office boys we were called in those days. I inherited the broom and the sweeping," he observed, "stronger back I suppose."

"Yes that was a long time ago," I agreed, my prepared speech still intact in my mind.

"Forty years ago this month so the Web records it. We've come a long ways in that time," then for a few moments he was silent as if speech had got ahead of thought. "We've both done well in our separate fields." It was such an obvious attempt to glaze over an error. I accepted it at face value and smiled.

"But this new crop of employees are so different. Take that article in the magazine about my hobby, spools. I'm collecting old spools—not even new ones," and his temperament had reached the old time pitch." "What is it you want, Lizzie?" he asked looking over my head to someone in the doorway.

"The executive are waiting for you."

"I clear forgot about them! Tom you just sit here and enjoy yourself. I won't be long." He laughed and said, "The top echelon are making a presentation to me and I'm supposed to be surprised! Have I got that surprised look?"

"But Mr. Tellium—"

"Since when did you start calling me, mister? Sit down, I'll be back in ten minutes at the very latest," and he left before I could say another word.

I felt very uncomfortable in HST's palace. My neatly prepared speech had vanished. I rushed back to my own desk in the hope that the familiar atmosphere would help. But it didn't and as the minutes slipped by, I couldn't improvise another.

"You confess?" asked George anxiously and sensing from my expression that affairs were unchanged, added, "it's late, almost too late now."

But the confession, as George called it, wasn't coming back and minute by minute the issue was becoming more confused. At length the office buzzer sounded cancelling out all opportunity to see HST by himself. This made matters that much worse — just how could I face my fellow employees and admit the error? That was more than a full measure of punishment.

"Hurry, Tom," Lizzie shouted from the end of the office, "you're a front seat man today."

This gracious gesture only added to my uneasiness. Not only a front seat but facing them!

With slow steps I climbed the stair and moved through the doorway. The staff were distributed through the back half of the hall — faces that I knew all too well. Despite Lizzie's instructions, I headed for an obscure place among those present.

But HST's voice rang like a bell, "a chair waiting for you here," and mechanically I changed course. I sat down and it was as if there were hundreds and hundreds of eager faces and twice as many curious eyes out there.

The General Manager rose and for a few minutes I listened as he droned. Then my part in this mixed up affair became very alive again. I had determined my conduct: as little as possible and as quiet as possible.

The first speech was over and Henry Stuart Tellium had taken the stand. He started out by thanking his immediate associates by name and then went on, "If you have read the Web you will know the schools I went to, when I came here and so on. You will also notice that I save old spools—I said old spools," and there followed a long and alarming silence.

I looked out at the mass of faces that seemed to be waiting for me to say something. Was this my cue? Was this the time for me to stand up bravely and in a sad, small voice say: "I made the mistake, HST, I'm sorry for it!"

But HST laughed and the tense situation seemed broken. He said, "I guess as long as this organization goes

on and there are humans directing its progress there will be mistakes. It is strange that to the very end I should have to correct mistakes. It should be spoons, not spools," he shouted goodnaturedly.

The gathering picked up the spirit and broke into a surge of singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow." In the worse than usual office din I walked over to HST and said, "that's the very thing I wanted to tell you about this afternoon. It was my mistake."

"You did it?" but his thoughts were elsewhere. "Isn't it wonderful to hear them sing," and he had a genuine smile of appreciation on his face. "Reminds me, see you for sure on New Year's."



Historic McDougall Church built in 1871

HISTORY OF McDOUGALL CHURCH

by Beatrice Todd

Just off 101st Street in the heart of downtown Edmonton, is the little old George McDougall Church, the first Protestant Church in Alberta. It is a real experience to step out of the hustle and bustle of Jasper Avenue into

the quiet of this little pioneer church now preserved as a museum and monument of our early days.

It is open to the public daily except Mondays and a guide is on hand to take visitors around the old church and explain the many pictures and articles on display. Each visitor is asked to sign the guest book as he leaves and looking it over, we saw names from every province of Canada, most of the states of the United States, the British Isles, India and other distant lands.

All stop to read the bronze plaque just inside the gate and look for a while at the Red River cart preserved under a canvas in the yard of the church. It was in such a crude hand-wrought vehicle that the early pioneers to the West did most of their travelling. The trail from Ft. Garry to Edmonton was worn by the passing of brigades of such carts carrying the necessities of life as well as incoming settlers to the West.

"There will be a great city here some day," Rev. George McDougall remarked to his son, John, as they neared the brow of McDougall Hill overlooking the river valley. There was then no public building outside the Hudson Bay Fort that stood on a bench of the north bank of the Saskatchewan River about three-fourths of a mile to the southeast.

The first Protestant church in Alberta, a log building, was erected at this spot on the brow of the hill by Rev. George McDougall and a band of his Indians in the summer of 1871. The logs, which were obtained locally, were peeled and fitted painstakingly. It is peculiar in construction in that it has upright logs between the windows, in the corners, and over the front door.

There was a gallery in the church at one time with a little stairway leading up from the front door to the left. It accommodated twenty to thirty people. The original logs can be seen today and the interior of the roof is the same as when erected. The exterior siding was removed in order to rechalk and replaster the logs. The nails used in the siding were made by hand by a blacksmith at Fort Saskatchewan and cost one dollar a pound. The siding was replaced as formerly, running up and down not horizontally.

Services were held in the log church from 1871 to 1896. Then a new frame church was built and the old log church was placed in the rear.

At one time it was up for sale and was in imminent danger of being sold to a local farmer to move onto his farm for a granary. Fortunately this was averted by the

intervention of an Edmonton business man, P. E. Butchart, who bought it and presented it to Alberta College.

The little church was used as a dormitory by Alberta College for many years and stood along the alley back of the school. In 1943 the Presbytery feeling the need of saving this old Historic Building nominated a committee to raise funds to move and renovate the old church.

About \$6,000 was raised by an appeal to local business organizations and leading citizens donated generously. The church was moved to its present position between the school and the church on 101 Street. The two lower logs had rotted and were replaced. New shingles were needed for the roof. A new floor, new seats modelled after the old ones and new windows were put in.

The pulpit and the pulpit chairs were the gift of Rev. Dr. Huestis who was pastor of the church from 1903 to 1907. The chairs are of 12th Century design and are made without any metal bolt or screw, yet they are firm and substantial.

It was the plan of the Committee to make the church a shrine, a place of worship and a museum, hence the pictures you see on the walls are connected with the early history of the church, and the men and women who took a prominent part in its work in early days.

The first group of pictures are of the McDougall family. Mrs. George McDougall was the first white woman to live in Alberta. There are pictures of her sons, John, and David, and of her three daughters, one of whom the wife of Senator Hardisty was the mother of the first white child born in Alberta.

Nearby is a picture of the Methodist parsonage in Edmonton. It stood to the northeast of the church just about where the Memorial Hall now stands.

Rev. George McDougall came to Alberta as a Methodist missionary in 1868. He built a mission house and a school at Victoria, northeast of Edmonton on the bank of the Saskatchewan at a place now called Pakan. Here he carried on a very successful work among the Cree Indians. He came with his son to Edmonton in 1871 and selected a plot on which McDougall Church and Alberta College were erected. He was supposed to have received a quarter section, but for some unknown reason he was crowded into a corner of the section.

They gathered the Indians together and put up a log church, Rev. George McDougall being in charge for four years, 1871-1875.

In 1874 George McDougall visited the Stoneys at what is now Morley, west of Calgary. They were noted for periodic trips into the mountains in the vicinity of Banff and hunting expeditions. He went with them up the Bow and they pleaded with him to establish a mission near them. On his return he built a church and school at Morley in 1874, and left his son, John, in charge of it.

In 1876 George McDougall returned to visit Morley. He found the people nearly out of meat. He suggested a buffalo hunt. They heard that there were buffalo available northeast of Calgary so decided to go there. Their hunt was successful. They had killed five buffalo and night was coming on. George McDougall suggested to his son that he would go on ahead and get the fire going at the camp they had established in some brush near the Bow River. His son would load the meat on a sleigh and bring it at a more leisurely pace.

A storm arose and although the son with the horses and sleigh reached the camp, the father did not come. All night they waited his arrival, but he did not appear. In the morning they made a search for him. They looked for him for three days, then secured help from Calgary. He was found thirteen days after he had left them to go to camp.

He was lying on the prairie frozen to death, with his hands peacefully folded over his bosom. This was January 23, 1876. Thus ended tragically this remarkable life, a life that would probably have been good for another ten or fifteen years were it not for his untimely end. He lived long enough, however, to leave a great record of service and his name will be passed on to posterity as the builder and founder of the first Protestant Church in Alberta.

Other pictures show early missionaries and ministers of the church. There is one of Rev. Henry Steinhauer, the first native Indian missionary. He was in charge of a mission at Whitefish Lake 1869-1872. The picture shows him with his two sons who became missionaries as well. His oldest daughter married Rev. John McDougall.

There are pictures of Old Fort Edmonton donated by the Hudson Bay Company. One shows an Indian scouting party looking up at the Fort from the spot which now marks the north end of 105th Street bridge.

Another very interesting picture is one of the 101st Street lift which was used mostly for hauling coal up to the street level from the river valley. A picture of Jasper

Avenue in early days is quite a contrast to the modern neon-lighted Jasper Avenue of today.

Besides the pictures, other tokens of the past have been gathered in this memorial church. There is a showcase with a collection of vessels used in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Another item is an old copper kettle used by a party coming from Winnipeg across the prairies.

There is also the Ordination Bible of Rev. George McDougall which was presented to him on the occasion of his ordination in 1854. Close by this is a Cree syllable Bible, a Cree hymn book, and other interesting old books.

In another showcase we see some Indian relics. Here we have an Indian scalping instrument which a farmer plowed up in an Indian battlefield near Clive. Of interest, too, is a knife for scraping buffalo hides, as well as an instrument called an Indian food grinder found in the Peace River district. An Indian bludgeon reflects the cruelty of the era before the missionaries.

Here our tour of the old George McDougall church ends, a tour which has taken us back into the early days of Edmonton and the early days of the church.

As we pass out the doorway of the little church, we pause to read the verses written by Rev. J. T. Stephens. This one seems especially appropriate:

"No, just a simple church beyond the Fort
A humble building yet a holy place
And here, where now a modern city rears
Its mighty skyline for a world to see,
Still stands with logs they hauled, those gallant souls,
This dwelling place of God, this precious shrine,
McDougall's Church, what memories are thine!"

THE VOYAGE OF THE VOLKSWAGEN

(An intensified travelogue, partly true)

by Roy Devore

This is no sea adventure, only an overland tale. Yet I did feel like a sailor the moment the Volkswagen moved up alongside the Red Deer bus-station and the loudspeaker inside blared forth something about something. At the end I caught one word: "Caroline". This was the port of my desires.

Stepping out upon the platform I was greeted by the driver, and liked him instantly. We belonged to the same

society: The Obvious and Odious Order of Outstanding Ears. Like mine, his appeared never to have been frost-bitten or warped into that position, they were merely a congenetical deformity. And after the Volkswagen got under way I learned what a great asset our driver's ears were. They enabled him to catch and to comprehend above the hum of the motor all those senseless questions bus-passengers have ever asked and, I presume always will.

Soon after gaining a seat I was joined by a gentleman who hurriedly emerged from the nearest beer-parlour, running awkwardly and with a distinct limp. He hastened to confess his sins while still half out of breath. He was a "paisano" from Caroline. The trip had been emergent. He had broken his false teeth. The limp? Well, that very morning he had been milking the cow and she had trodden heavily upon his foot. This sounded plausible. A glance at his trouser leg convinced me the milk had been a total loss. But who was I? Through bleary eyes he detected I was wearing, above all things, a white collar! I was promptly accused of being a preacher. Although it seemed a situation in which a bare-faced lie would have been perfectly safe, I restrained myself and merely manoeuvred him off the subject.

Meanwhile, our driver, who had thrown out a one man dragnet around beer-parlours and other popular centers now appeared with four wayward passengers. They were a lady, her husband, and two other gentlemen. The lady needed a new fall and winter coat. Her husband was more direly in need — suspenders! There were other handicaps. He had partaken of "Alberta's Modified Hootch," and the effect was none too modifying. But those suspenders were worse. The leather loop-holes at the ends had somehow survived, but the elastic was extinct and its place taken by three different types of shoestrings and a short length of binder-twine. How long his trousers were going to stay put was a question. Our immediate question was, how were we going to get him on board the Volkswagen in his present state? But load him we did.

Now we hoisted anchor, the driver alerted his ears, and the Volkswagen got under way. Southward we sailed, and in due course Innisfail rose off the port bow. Innisfail, that gem of the ocean! Here we found three gentlemen, a plump middle-aged lady, and a younger lady with baby in arms all patiently awaiting the arrival of the Volkswagen. We would have a capacity load now, and one extra. A lively discussion ensued as to what measures

were to be adopted in stowing the surplus cargo of one. I stubbornly resolved not to undertake holding the fat lady. The three new gentlemen had apparently been having a "good time" in Innisfail. I could smell them from a distance of several yards. They all had useful suggestions. Everybody did. But nobody seemed in any real hurry, not even the driver. True, he had a schedule to keep, but it was in safe-keeping. One copy was securely bolted to the wall in the Red Deer bus-station, while another lay safe in the bosom of a ticket-seller in Caroline. Our driver had nothing to worry about, and he didn't worry. In Mexico he would have been "un bueno cochero". Argument waxed warmer. We were becoming more and more like a meeting of the United Nations. We had not reached the "name" calling stage, but when passers-by began to eye us we knew it was time to cast off our moorings.

The Volkswagen moved out from the curb and pointed her brow bravely toward the West. The atmosphere in our closely packed hold soon became rather "near". There was a variety in odors, amongst which the ladies perfumes battled forlornly for survival. In order to make what air we had more uniform, everyone save the baby and myself lighted cigarettes. I sat in the rear seat along with the gentlemen from Innisfail and could observe when their heads began to droop and their bodies to sway in slumber. Beads and rivulets of sweat exuded from their faces and necks, and with the sweat came added odors. I recalled all those varieties of spirituous and fermented odors filed away in my olfactory archives; but there were a lot of strange ones here. One gentleman had a distinctive additional odor all his own, strongly reminiscent of infants when long neglected. The Volkswagen was "air-conditioned". None but the bold would ever deny that! The condition of the baby up front concerned me for an alarming instant, but I concluded that ere now it was either dead or in coma and past all pain.

Self preservation was now my goal. I bruised my thumb and knuckles cruelly, but was able to effect an opening of an inch and a half. Into this aperture I thrust my faithful nose. Joy! One life was saved at all events. A cool fresh ozone from off the foothills filled my lungs. I was momentarily sorry for my fellow passengers, but only for a moment. After all, one weak person can only have so much sympathy to bestow. Also they may have liked it that way and were satisfied. I would not have ex-

changed my position at the window for either a cot in Heaven or a pillow in Utopia.

We passed over the Big Bend country, and soon the Medicine Valley was far behind. The man next to me, stirring from his stupor dug a sharp elbow into my ribs, rubbed his eyes, planked his foot on a sore corn I had, then yelled to the driver. He lived "just a little way" north of our course. He did not feel very well. Would the driver go that distance with him? Most drivers would have promptly told **him** where to go, but not this one of ours. He was all cooperation. Of course he had a schedule,, we were due in Caroline at 7:05 p.m. and it was now 20 minutes before 8. But what was time? It was only made for slaves! He promptly pointed the nose of the Volkswagen toward the North Star.

We soon covered that "little way", then farmstead after farmstead slipped by. The gravelled road became a dirt one, and narrowed. Water lay on either side and even across the road itself. The Volkswagen plowed through, sending great waves to right and to left. I was not feeling impatient, but curious. Having left Edmonton bound for Caroline, was I now being taken back to Edmonton? I enquired timidly of the man at the helm: "What's the course, Captain?" "North, due north sir", came the courteous reply. And the Volkswagen sailed onward until our next interruption. This came when we crashed through an especially deep waterhole and the fat lady emitted a piercing scream: "Driver," she moaned, I can feel it in my heart that we will never, never get back onto the main highway." But we had a good driver and he was proving it fast, so I sprang to his defense: "Madame, what you have just now uttered almost amounts to mutiny. Besides, you are apprehensive. You don't feel anything in your heart, and you won't, either, until you reach my age and your heart begins to go "on the hummer" and you get up in the night and there are not enough windows to raise. Then's when you'll feel it in your heart — not before." This seemed somehow to quiet her for the time being. Our next interruption was a shriek from our "special delivery" passenger himself — we had passed his gate! So the driver now backed carefully over the narrow grade until opposite this animal's pasture, then manœvered the good ship about until she pointed due south. All hands disembarked in order to disgorge our special passenger.

But we were not yet through with him. He was in no hurry. He produced and passed the inevitable cigarettes. We discussed the international situation, and the prospect for a good crop that fall, then finally boarded ship and made our way back to the main East-West highway. The moon had risen and shone placidly athwart our bows, the air inside the Volkswagen was more pleasant, and nothing further occurred to mar our voyage until we reached Spruce View.

Spruce View, it seemed, was a regularly scheduled stop. Here all passengers were given a chance to get out and "stretch". While not wishing to stretch, I thought I might take in the "view". Tall trees had taken most of it, yet I did locate four spruce trees. So "Spruce View" was not a misnomer. Everything was on the "up and up". And it was here that our driver immortalized himself as the personification of tolerance and good will. If he dies before me there could be nothing more delightful than to officiate at his funeral. He first drank three bottles of "pop". Several passengers decided to visit with the villagers. Our driver betrayed no hint of impatience, nor do I believe that he felt impatient. When he had at last rounded us up for a continuation of the journey the baby began to cry. This was where the driver really cooperated. He went back into the cafe, bought milk, warmed it over the fire, then helped to feed the baby. One grows philosophical under such influences. I found myself becoming more like our driver. How lucky we were! Had they been without milk in that cafe we would have been forced to go out into the pasture, find the cow and milk her for the purpose. As it was we were able to leave Spruce View that same evening.

When definitely on our way once more the driver solemnly informed us that without variation or deviation, the next port would be Caroline.

Whilst sojourning at Spruce View some of our members, I fear, back in the shadows had taken a little "nip" unto themselves. They now felt musical. The moon shone brightly as we sang of "Juanita", of "Moonlight and Roses", and "Roamin' in the Gloamin'".

But not once did I lose my bearings. We were entering a region I knew like the palm of my hand. My roving eye was cocked for the sideroads of yesteryear. When nearing Caroline I recognized an old trail and knew at the other end lived an old friend. I shouted a command to the driver. As usual he obeyed. And as usual we all spewed

forth onto the roadway. Here we congratulated one another for a happy and prosperous voyage, thus far. The gentleman with the lame foot, still believing me a preacher, now wished me luck in the harvest of souls. I wished him luck also, and I bade adieu to all my fellow passengers. To the driver I bade a fond adios. After all were we not both, members of a society both **ancient** and honorable? The gentleman with the complex suspenders had a small quantity of "Alberta's Special" in his flask. I utilized this when tendering a toast. My toast was: "Bon voyage to the Volkswagen".

STOVES IN REROSPECT

by Stella Johnson

Today I cleaned my stove, and as I went to work on on it, I was reminded of the stoves I had known in my life.

One of the first I recalled was the lake stove — a rusty little relic so old that even Dad couldn't remember where it had come from, but it was always spoken of as being good enough for the lake. Even now my eyes smart when I remember the cottage as it used to be, blue with smoke as we vainly tried to get the stove to "go". Occasionally it did surprise us and turned out stacks of delicious pancakes and piles of crisp, tasty fish fillets.

One of the outstanding memories of my first year as a country schoolteacher is a stove. This one was long, iron, and barrel-shaped, standing on four short legs. It was fed tamarac logs three feet in length through a little door in the front end. It was the duty of the two biggest boys to keep the stove going, and on forty-below days with the wind howling around the poorly-chinked log building they strove valiantly to keep it red hot.

The children would move their desks close to its ruddy sides, and would sit toasting themselves, first on the front and then on the back. It had one point of similarity with the lake stove. It, too, was old. With the passing of the years, it had developed one game leg, which at the most unexpected times would give way, and down would fall the stove, pipes and all! Then would ensue a few minutes of pandemonium.

Smoke would escape into the room at a great rate, and all the children would don their caps, coats, etc., and

fling open the door; recess would be unanimously declared while the school aired out. After two such experiences I spoke to the chairman of the school board about the stove and was told that something would be done, but nothing was done until the day the school inspector arrived.

About halfway through the visit the inevitable happened. The stove went down!

The usual pattern of events followed but with this conclusion. The inspector grimly struggled into his overshoes, coat, and fur-lined cap. Then with the biggest boy, an axe, a spade, and the little grade one girl's sleigh in tow, he headed for the barn where he succeeded in dislodging a large rock that had served as "home" base for many a ball game. Triumphantly, he brought it into the school and wedged it under the stove.

"There, that'll keep her from going under again," he grunted. "Wonder you didn't burn the old place down before now."



The Bijou Theatre in 1908.

THE OLD AND NEW

by Jessie Hazard Smith

The Bijou Theatre, Edmonton's first motion picture house had a seating capacity of 240 people and played to full houses in 1908. Today Edmontonians proudly talk

about their new Northern Alberta Auditorium with its modern stage capable of handling the largest of touring companies and its vast seating capacity. In the olden days, however, the city was glad to have places like the Bijou Theatre at 10166 - 100 Street, managed by "Pop" A. R. Lawrence.

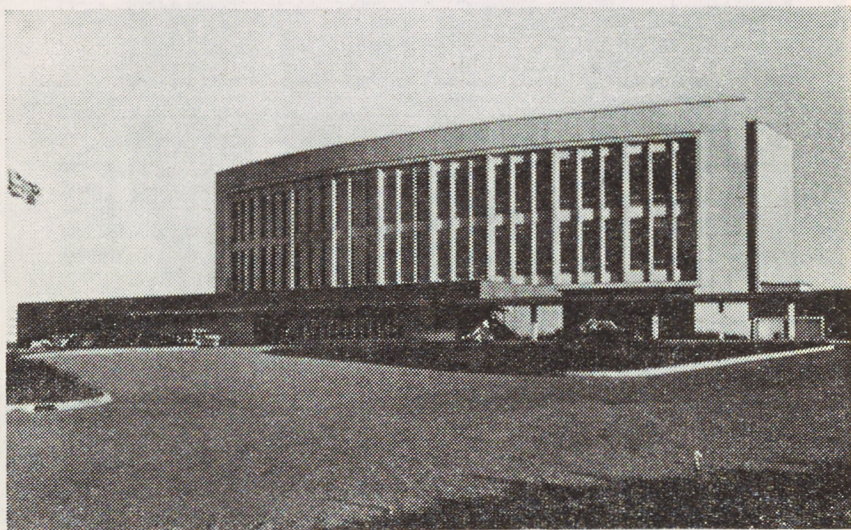
On a Saturday morning groups of eager children could be seen standing in line clutching their precious nickels. They paid five cents to see the show in those days. It was a silent movie and Mr. Lawrence himself gave the running commentary from the back of the theatre.

The building remained until 1958 occupied in later years by the Queen City Meat Market, but if you looked closely, tucked behind the sign, you could see still the old original string of theatre lights that once brightly shone and lighted the name of "Pearl White". Remember such names as, "The Perils of Pauline" and "The Painter's Sweetheart?"

When fire razed the building in 1958, the writer sighed and thought, "Nobody saved the old Theatre lights!"

The billboard in the picture shown read as follows:

THE PAINTER'S SWEETHEART
Motion Pictures and Illustrated Songs
Children 5c Adults 10c



NORTHERN ALBERTA JUBILEE AUDITORIUM

May this structure endure as a monument to the Alberta pioneer. In these stones is our tribute to those who formed our Province. Dedicated in the year 1955 – the fiftieth year of the Province of Alberta.

I WENT TO SCHOOL FOR A HOLIDAY AND ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE

by L. M. Sivertson

"What do you plan to do for holidays this summer?" enquired a friend one day in early summer.

I informed her that I had nothing planned other than a binge of house-cleaning, mending and a million other things which face a career-girl housewife at holiday time.

"Then come with me to Farm Women's Week at Olds. I don't care to go alone and I'm sure you would enjoy it," she coaxed.

Of what interest would lectures on baking, sewing, gardening and poultry be to a school-ma'am whose garden is the size of a pocket handkerchief, whose sewing-machine has been given to a married daughter and who, along with her husband, is on a low-calorie diet?

I soon found out.

As our bus stopped in towns along No. 2 highway we were joined by other women, singly or in pairs. One young woman, after waving good-by to two small boys standing on the curb with their father, sank back on the seat with a sigh.

"Bert thinks he can look after **them** as well as the poultry and the milking for three days, but I expect he will be taking them to their grandma's by tomorrow night."

Her companion smiled sympathetically. "Don't you worry about them. I found over the years that fathers are quite capable people in times like Farm Women's Week. Is this your first visit?"

"Yes," said the other. "Last summer I planned to come but we had to drill a well and the men came that same week. The year before that the boys had whooping cough!"

Everybody was friendly and a picnic spirit invaded the bus. By the time we reached Olds, a lovely little town in the heart of rich farming country about 165 miles from Edmonton, we felt like old acquaintances.

After a snack at the café we checked in at the Agricultural School, registered and were shown to our room in the dormitories.

"It's just like being back at boarding-school," giggled my friend, offering to take the upper bunk, to which I readily agreed.

I had often read about Farm Women's Week; now I had the opportunity to learn about it first-hand. Also, I was fortunate enough to meet the originator of the idea, Mrs. Isobel Townsend of Erskine, Alta.

"It all started away back in 1930," she graciously took time to explain to me. "We realized the need for farm women to get together to discuss problems which concern us all and to share solutions to these problems. We thought it would be wonderful idea if a few days could be set aside each year in which farm women could meet their contemporaries and find recreation and relaxation at the same time."

To decide was to act with Mrs. Townsend. The Minister of Agriculture had been approached. He in turn had discussed the matter with the U.F.W.A. and the W.I. and with the kindly co-operation of the then principal of the Olds School of Agriculture the WEEK came into being.

"It was first called Farm Women's Rest Week," said Mrs. Townsend with a smile. "The week was set aside for us and the women did the rest!"

Who may attend? Usually delegates are sent from farm women's organizations but anyone is welcome. Farm women naturally receive priority in securing accommodation at the school, which may be had at a very nominal rate. Not being a farmer's wife, I had gone to Olds half-expecting to feel like an interloper. Instead, I felt at home from the first. The genuine welcome extended by the staff, from principal to kitchen help, made everyone happy to be there. Several others I met were not farm women either, but like myself, had at some time been affiliated with farm life.

It is amazing how much can be packed into three days when time is budgeted.

Rising bell at 7 a.m. found everyone already awake. As one young woman put it, "I haven't slept in so late since last winter!" Farm women are used to being up and around long before and as for others — the next best thing to an alarm clock is a dormitory bunk! Breakfast served at 8 a.m. found everyone queued up when the dining-room doors opened. The cheerful camaraderie of the meal started the day off right. One got the feeling that these women could hardly wait for things to get started. Lectures, beginning at nine o'clock, were interspersed with demonstrations and discussions. Topics introduced were so varied as to meet the interests of all present. The guests participated eagerly, making notes

and accepting samples to take back to share with club or family.

We learned how to decorate our homes on the inside and to landscape them on the outside. What pertains to the home applies also to the home-maker. Specialists in their own line presented talks on women's duty to beauty, foundation garments, poise and charm, good grooming, keeping young while doing housework and exercises beneficial to all.

Crediting us with brains as well as beauty, the program offered lectures on mental health, shopping intelligently, wisdom of insurance and preparing for our old age.

The enthusiastic young Home Economist, distributing charm along with samples of sweet doughs and fancy breads, must have been thrilled by such comments as: I never thought of braiding it like that; Who would think a few chopped dried apricots could add such a flavor to a sandwich loaf; Think of all the steps a housewife can save if she takes a few shortcuts in her work!

Each afternoon and after the evening session we met in the auditorium for tea. Alas for the stream-lining program I had had lined up for the summer! Those deceptively dainty cakes and novelty sandwiches, though tiny, were packed with calories.

Every meal was a lesson in itself of well-balanced nutrition, attractively served by high school girls working during their summer vacation. The grand finale, the banquet served on the last evening, was a tribute to the dietician.

Mealtimes were periods of relaxation. Discussions were informal and stimulating. Each and everyone had something to contribute. It may have been the dark-eyed young ranch wife describing the dream home she "almost won at the Calgary Stampede". Or perhaps the frail gifted violinist, who, we had been told, was 79 years young, upon being asked what she plans to do when she gets up in years, responded smilingly, "just keep on playing the violin, I guess."

Visitors had been requested to bring along contributions for a display of handicrafts. Along with samples of needlecraft and hobbies was a lovely exhibit of oil paintings. Voicing my admiration of a scene to an elderly lady standing near, I was amazed when she answered, "Oh, it isn't too bad, but I am not as good at it as my daughter. She has been taking lessons but I just began

to dabble a couple of years ago. I never had time before." Conversing with her later, she told me that she comes every year and plans on being back next year unless she is on an extended trip to Norway with her son, for whom she keeps house at the rich age of eighty-eight.

Husbands had been invited to the banquet and lectures of special interest to men were scheduled for the afternoon. Due to the favourable weather for haying, however, very few men were able to attend.

I returned home refreshed, and imbued with new ideas. So far I have not experienced an urge to build a quonset garage in the back yard nor to dabble in home-made cement. But I have added a shelf to my fruit cupboard ALL BY MYSELF. The cake-mixes remain on the shelf while I concoct old favourites with new fancy names. It has been fun to try my hand at making over the odd discarded hat to match a certain costume even though I haven't, as yet, dared to wear them. It has been gratifying, too, to compile menus destined to make the bathroom scale my friend once more! And when my next-door neighbour worries over the 'bugs' which are destroying her roses, I can happily say, "Oh, wait until I get the notes I jotted down this summer at Farm Women's Week at Olds and we'll soon fix them."

WEDDING PRESENTS

by Maud McEwen

They stood in the corner all tarnished and old,
The butter-dish and the sugar-bowl,
Once they were young and bright and gay,
So like the bride of that summer's day.
She picked them up with loving hands,
Recalling their wrappings and ribbon bands.
I'll polish them bright, they'll be young again.
She glanced in the mirror—a look of care
Was stamped on the face reflected there.
Why polish them bright? She wouldn't dare
When no magic touch could change her face,
Where twenty-five years had left their trace.
The butter-dish and the sugar-bowl were replaced
In the corner, still tarnished and old.

THE NATIVE ALBERTAN

by John Delany

John Delany is a native Albertan having been born and raised in the City of Edmonton. He is employed by the Dominion Government in the Department of National Revenue as Customs Officer. He has written articles, short stories and radio scripts. His hobby is amateur dramatics.

An Indian sat on his pony on the high bank overlooking the North Saskatchewan River. Running Wolf kicked his heels into the pony's ribs and sent him down the slope to the flat below. "I need a wife," he thought, "I need a wife for my lodge. Sweet Grass is the one. They have some pretty maidens where I am going, strong and well-taught, but Sweet Grass is the one. I shall have to bargain for her. Her father, the Chief, will demand a heavy price for her. If she smiles on me, I will pay it somehow, poor as I am."

It was not Running Wolf's first trip to the Cree encampment but as he rode down the steep trail in the hot afternoon sun, habit made him gaze carefully about. There were the tall trees, the birds wheeling in the heavens, the signs of game, and the trail itself, beaten hard by countless ponies' hooves. He felt good. Everything was as it should be, nothing hostile anywhere. This was a nice spot, far different from the country to the South.

He thought, as he rode along, of Thunder Face, the father of the maiden Sweet Grass, a big man, with heavy features and a large nose. He was one of the Chiefs whose permanent summer camp lay below on the flats, across from tiny Fort Edmonton. Thunder Face had been friendly enough on his last visit, but in driving a bargain he could be a hard stubborn man to deal with. How one could get the beautiful Sweet Grass from him, without being cheated, would require much thinking.

Running Wolf passed out of the checkered light light of the trees on to the sun-drenched green of the flats. He turned left on the trail, and trotted his pony some three hundred yards in that direction, his right hand raised in the universal declaration of peace.

He pulled his pony to a stop, as all the dogs in the camp, most of the small boys and quite a few of the married women, thronged out to inspect him. Presently they were joined by a few of the warriors, including Thunder Face. These moved forward with great dignity, the crowd falling back to give them right of place.

"Running Wolf of the Ermine Skins, come to visit his friend, Thunder Face, and to seek a wife," he announced himself.

The declaration was received in silence. After a few seconds Thunder Face replied briefly "Running Wolf is welcome. May his search meet with success. We will smoke."

Within the teepee of Thunder Face, the Chief himself and several other Sub-Chiefs sat cross-legged on the ground. Running Wolf sat in the guest's place. The Chief arose, took the calumet or peace-pipe from its ornamented case, filled it with tobacco, stepped within the circle, lighted the pipe and inhaled the smoke. He gave one puff toward the sun, another toward the earth, another toward the East, afterward handing the pipe successively to each of the party. Having smoked, friendship was established and negotiations could begin.

Some considerable time was spent in talking about the latest raids, the buffalo, the scarcity of game, and the health of mutual acquaintances. Finally, when he deemed the time was ripe, Running Wolf spoke: "I come as one with no-one to speak for me to the lodge of Thunder Face. I am in search of a wife, and your daughter Sweet Grass has found much favour in my sight. It is she that I would have."

"Sweet Grass is a comely maiden, of pleasing disposition and very industrious. She is well skilled with her needle, and can make good buckskin and buffalo robes. She knows how to prepare food in many ways. It will take many horses and fine presents to win her."

"I know that the maiden is pleasant, courteous and well skilled; but I am Running Wolf, the same who killed seventeen buffalo with seventeen arrows on the hunt. My deeds on the war-path are known. With me she shall never want or be hungry. I offer two fine war horses."

"It is not enough."

"With bridles, blankets, two guns and ammunition."

"Good Striker has offered horses for Sweet Grass," and the Chief indicated a big heavy Indian near by.

"With guns and ammunition?"

"Yes."

"I have no more to offer." Running Wolf seemed downcast, but in a moment or two lifted his head and spoke again, "Does Sweet Grass then wish to become the wife of Good Striker, who is old enough to be her grandfather?"

A muffled growl of rage from Good Striker was cut

short by a gesture from Thunder Face, who answered the question with a short "No!"

"I would ask you then, not to give your daughter to this man until two moons have passed. By that time I may have more horses to offer and many fine presents."

As Running Wolf was already a renowned warrior, although very young, Thunder Face said he would consider the matter further. His wife brought food, and after everyone had eaten, the guests left the tepee. Running Wolf stood alone outside the lodge, his darting brown eyes trying to locate Sweet Grass.

The encampment that he stood in was tidy and well kept. The skins of the tepees were in good repair, and the designs and tribal marks were well painted, showing that much work had been done on them. The lodge poles of the tepees were tall and straight, and looked as if they had been cut not long ago, and the tepees themselves pitched in a double circle, made a pleasing sight.

Suddenly he was aware of someone passing very quietly behind him, and in his nostrils was a faint and pleasing odor. "Sweet Grass," he said to the girl who would have slipped unnoticed into the lodge behind him, "Have you no welcome for me?"

"Running Wolf is welcome to the lodge of Thunder Face," she replied, standing before him with downcast eyes.

"I came to seek you for my wife!" he told her, loudly, eyeing the slim, lithe figure in front of him.

"I know — I heard."

"What have you to say to me?"

"I can say — nothing!"

"Is it because I am poor that you say nothing to me? Because I can offer only two horses for you?"

"Oh no!" Suddenly the dark eyes lifted to his and pierced through him. "It would be a great honour to have a warrior offer many fine horses for me. All the other girls would be jealous; but it's not that. Two horses would be enough, more than enough. I don't like Good Striker. I don't want to be his wife."

"Well then—"

"Good Striker is a friend of my father's, and I may have to marry him."

"I have asked your father not to make a decision for two moons."

"I know, but — we go to gather fruit to-morrow," with these cryptic words she turned and left him.

His eyes followed the beautiful young figure as it stooped and entered the tepee. So they would be gathering saskatoon berries tomorrow, he thought. Then he would be the first to ask her to go with him.

The following day, as soon as the sun had barely shown in the East, Running Wolf stood waiting outside the lodge for Sweet Grass to make her appearance. Seconds later Good Striker appeared. The two stood silently glaring at each other for some minutes. Then the skin curtain covering the entrance to the tepee was pulled aside and Thunder Face looked out. He stared in silence, and then the curtain slipped back. A few seconds later Sweet Grass ducked outside the tepee and gazed at her suitors.

"I would like you to go to the berrying with me___"

"I want you to pick fruit with me___"

The two braves spoke almost in unison. Sweet Grass stood hesitating for a few minutes, and then pointed to Running Wolf, "I will go and pick fruit with you."

Good Striker favoured his rival with a malignant look and strode away.

The berry-picking on the banks of the North Saskatchewan River was one of the few social occasions when the Indian youths and maids could meet, practically unchaperoned, and get to know one another.

Running Wolf felt his heart swell with pride, when astride his pony, with Sweet Grass sitting in front of him, he set off in company with other youths and maids to where the saskatoon bushes grew. Those without horses walked together, all were happy. As he clutched the slim waist in front of him, and inhaled the faint perfume of her hair, he knew that this woman and no other should be his wife.

At the berry patch, the couples wandered off, to fill their bark containers, to eat the sweet fruit, to talk and laugh and ask questions with the eyes of love. Running Wolf cut some branches, heavily laden with sweet berries, and held them close to the mouth of Sweet Grass, so that she could catch the luscious fruit in her white teeth, as she reclined.

She asked him about his home, his mother, himself; what he liked and disliked. She thought that this slim and tall young brave was the handsomest man she had ever seen. He answered her___ questions conscientiously, and asked questions in his turn. These were answered truthfully and in detail. Suddenly he thrust away the branches and pulled her to her feet. "Sweet Grass," he

told her, his hand forcing her chin up so that she had to look at him, "You are going to be my wife. You and no other!"

"I would like to be your wife, Running Wolf, but it is impossible!"

"Why?"

"After you came to the tepee this morning, and I said that I would go with you, Good Striker came back and spoke to my father."

"Go on."

"He reminded Thunder Face that they were blood brothers. He recalled how he had saved my father's life, and that I had practically been promised to him for four horses."

"What did Thunder Face say?"

"He said that they would wait until you had left to get more horses, and that then he would give me to Good Striker immediately."

"I'll kill him for that!"

"No! If you kill my father, I'll never marry you!"

"Will you marry me, now?"

"Yes, — if you don't fight with Thunder Face."

"Will you run off with me?"

"Yes!"

"I will be good to you. Now we had better go back with the others."

Rejoining the straggling couples, they rode back in silence to the encampment, Sweet Grass leaning her weight against him in a wordless gesture of affection. Just before he slid off his horse, he whispered to her, "Meet me here in this open space, in front of your father's lodge, when the shadow of the tepee falls on that pole."

He dug his heels in his pony's sides, and left her there looking after him.

"He is not for you Sweet Grass," her thoughts were rudely shattered. Good Striker stood before her. "Forget him," and the heavy, powerful Indian looked at her with cold eyes. "You will be the wife of Good Striker. If you do not forget him, I will beat you, and I will kill him!"

"I'm not married to you! I hate you!"

Good Striker looked at the defiant girl and smiled coldly. She would learn, he thought, with a little teaching, and he moved off toward his own lodge.

The late afternoon sun moved westward, and presently Sweet Grass, with a small bundle in her hand, walked to the open space at the front of her father's tepee, and

stood there. Her eyes kept watching the lengthening shadow as it edged toward the pole. It was almost there. Yes, the shadow touched.

Suddenly, the terrible, frightening war whoop of the Plain Cree Indians rang out! Sweet Grass turned wide-eyed toward the sound. There, bearing down on her at full gallop was Running Wolf, his face horribly painted. As the pony thundered on, so close that she thought she would be trampled, she felt herself swept off her feet, lifted high in the air and flung face down across the pony's withers. Once again that awful cry rang out.

The encampment buzzed like a hive of bees, as the warriors and young boys ran for horses and weapons. Weapons were easily found, but the horses were not. The halter ropes had been cut, and the animals had been driven off, by Running Wolf, shortly before his charge. --

By the time that their mounts had been found, Running Wolf and Sweet Grass, had gained the top of the bank and disappeared in the trees. The pursuit was half-hearted and was not pressed for long.

That night in the encampment there was much talk about the daring elopement. Many curious eyes watched Good Striker and Thunder Face. Proper manners forbade anyone mentioning the matter to them, and the iron countenances of the two warriors revealed nothing.

Some few miles to the southwest, in a hastily constructed brush lodge, Sweet Grass watched her man eat the first meal that she had cooked for him. "Is it good, my husband?"

"It is very good."

"I had only so little food to take with me. Tomorrow I will do much better."

"Do not worry about it. Come here!" Sweet Grass came and stood before him. He placed both his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes. "You are my wife, and will go with me to my hunting grounds, and live with me among my people."

"Yes, I will do that."

"Would you like to see your own tribe again, visit them in friendship and not as an enemy?"

"Oh yes, my husband, I would! I should like to see my mother and sisters again."

"Well then, when the Great Spirit has made the sun to rise and set twice more, we shall return to the camp."

"My heart is glad. You have made me happy!"

On the third day after the elopement, the camp of the Wood Cree on the flat, was much as usual. Warriors worked at their various tasks, the women tanned hides, sewed and cooked, while the children played at their games.

Suddenly there was the pound of running hooves, and a galloping horse broke from the shady woods. Once again the ululating war-cry set everyone to running and every dog to barking. Running Wolf, flourishing his war club with Sweet Grass riding proudly behind him, pulled his pony to a stop on its haunches in the open space at the front of Thunder Face's tepee.

Sweet Grass slipped to the ground, but her husband remained mounted. "This is Sweet Grass, wife to Running Wolf of the Ermine Skins. If any man thinks otherwise, he will have to fight me for her." Running Wolf whirled the heavy, stone-faced club around his head, and tossed it high into the air, catching it by the handle as it descended.

"Sweet Grass is not the true wife of Running Wolf, she belongs to me!" Good Striker pushed through the crowding braves, flourishing his heavy axe. "I will fight you for her!"

Once again the sound of excited conversation rose over the camp. Good Striker jumped on his horse, and faced his opponent some fifty yards away. He made his axe gleam in circles around his head. Conversation died away as the two warriors sat motionless on their ponies, glaring at one another.

At precisely the same moment, each lashed his pony furiously, and bore down upon one another. As they passed, Good Striker launched a blow, which had it landed, would have split his opponent's head like a melon. It was parried by the war-club of Running Wolf, and the two were past each other, pulling and turning their horses for another run. Once again they came together, and this time Running Wolf tried his luck with a heavy swing of his weapon. Good Striker ducked flat along his horse's neck and the blow passed over his head. Continuing his downward lunge he scooped up a handful of loose dirt from the ground before regaining his seat.

Each warrior quickly turned his pony and charged again. Good Striker reined his horse at the last second, slowing his speed, and as Running Wolf thundered up, his club raised to strike, flung the loose dirt in his eyes. Tem-

porarily blinded Running Wolf could not complete the blow, and Good Striker whirled his horse in pursuit, to attack him from the rear.

Instinct alone saved Running Wolf. As he glanced back over his shoulder, through streaming eyes, he saw Good Striker closing in on him, raising his shiny axe. Without thinking, his right hand flung the heavy war-hawk back-handed across his own right shoulder, full in the face of Good Striker! That warrior pitched off his horse with a heavy thud and lay numb and still, his face streaming blood.

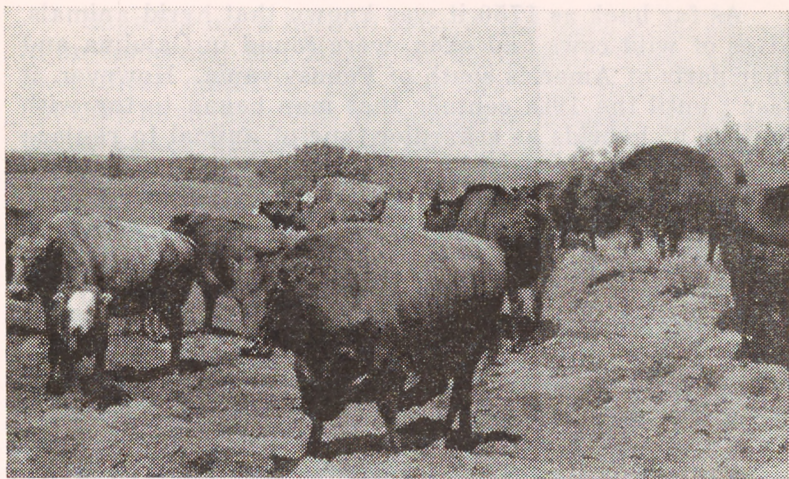
Running Wolf, oblivious of the whoops and excitement, with scarcely a glance at his foe, pushed his pony to where Sweet Grass still stood, and repeated his challenge.

No one answered, although Thunder Face stirred, and showed signs of taking up the quarrel. Running Wolf slipped from the back of the pony, and taking Sweet Grass by the hand, stood with her in front of the Chief. "Do not harden your heart against the husband of your daughter, nor turn your face away. I would be welcome in this lodge above all others. The two horses, the guns and ammunition are still yours. Will you not say that there is peace between us?"

For a long minute the Chief did not reply, then said, "Enter this lodge, and be welcome as a son. My wife will bring food."

As the three entered the tepee, the tension broke and chatter filled the air. This was one of the most exciting events that had happened for some time. It had a happy ending too. In due course it would become part of the tribal history, something to be related by the wise men of the tribe. There was surmise that Thunder Face would give a feast in honour of the occasion. A few of the braves went over to pick up Good Striker and carry him to his lodge, where the Medicine Man could work on him.

Next day, the early morning sun shone on two mounted figures, on the high bank overlooking the North Saskatchewan River. They raised their right hands in the universal declaration of peace. Running Wolf, native Albertan, and Sweet Grass his wife, rode toward their destiny.



A herd of cattalo—note the Hereford face and buffalo hump.

HYBRIDS OF THE CATTLE WORLD

by Sophie A. McKenzie

Mrs. Sophie McKenzie is a housewife who loves to write. Her work which has appeared in numerous Canadian publications is done in between caring for her husband and their five children. She was awarded the first writer's scholarship, granted by the University of Alberta Extension Department to the Edmonton Writers' Workshop tenable at Banff.

The Alberta Government's prize for the best essay on the "Economic and Industrial Development and Future of Alberta" was captured by her "Potential Land of Croesus", which appeared in "Stet" magazine. She is a member of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

Hybridization has become a fascinating field of experimentation. It has given us pink grapefruit, seedless grapes, limes, the famous Peace Rose, and may in the not too distant future give us perennial wheat. However marvellous these discoveries are, the experiment of buffalo-cattle cross which took place near Wainwright may prove of even greater benefit to mankind.

Large and powerful, yet able to leap over double barbed-wire fences with ease, a strange creature formerly roamed the Dakota badlands for years. Monarch of the roughest country along the Little Missouri River, this half-buffalo, half-wild Hereford cow, outcast of a herd of cattle which had adopted her renegade buffalo father, this strange animal became known as "Travelling Jenny". Those who caught glimpses of the shaggy mass of muscle, bone and meat, saw one of nature's Cattalo, the fleetest, strongest "mixed meat" cow in the great Northwest.

As far back as 1750 it was known that hybrid animals, calves of wild cows and oxen, were found in Calolina and other parts of America south of Pennsylvania. However, it wasn't until the 19th century that man began to toy with the idea of hybrids as a hardier type of animal to replace domestic cattle.

Actually Cattalo will never replace domestics as a source of milk for they're strictly meat animals. Although cattalo milk has a higher butterfat content than domestic milk, the supply is too small to warrant its use.

To the Indian, who found as many uses for buffalo as we do for the pig, buffalo meat was the chief food of the plains. After the tastiest portion, which was the hump, had been eaten, squaws cut the rest into strips to dry in the sun, and then stored it away for winter use.

More often than not the meat was chopped fine, mixed with crushed wild fruit and berries, and then packed with fat in sacks of buffalo hide, where it matured into a tough mass known as pemmican. However, white men found buffalo meat unsavoury except for the tongue and hump. Hunting parties with as many as 100 men, 600 horses, 200 oxen, and 400 dogs would kill close to four or five thousand buffalo in a single day. They took only the tastier portions of the carcass, leaving the rest to rot on the plains.

As was to be expected, buffalo gradually diminished, until it was realized that if any were to be left alive something would have to be done about it. The Canadian and American governments set aside large areas which became known as Buffalo Reservation Parks. Here the few remaining herds have survived and are multiplying.

Choosing 16 females and four males from a herd of hybrids already developed the Canadian government began its Cattalo experiment at one of these buffalo reservations, the Dominion Experimental Farms Branch at Wainwright, Alberta.

On our visit to the experimental farm, Mr. A. S. MacLellan in charge of the cattalo at Wainwright, explained: The name 'Cattalo' (part cattle and part buffalo) was given to the offspring of parents both of which have domestic and buffalo blood.

"Hybrids inherit thrifty, hardy characteristics of buffalo as well as a major portion of the superior beef conformation of domestic cattle. Actually the goal of this experiment is to produce an animal which is superior in two important qualities i.e.: hardiness, and the ability to forage."

Showing me a herd of second and third cross animals in an enclosure, Mr. MacLellan continued, "These animals have those qualities. Not only are they free of disease but they have proved to be immune to ailments which commonly attack domestic animals. In fact my only problem has been fighting among the bulls. Sometimes two or three will side together against a third, possibly breaking his leg or causing other injuries making it necessary to destroy the animal. I've lost some of my best bulls in this way."

Looking at these second and third cross animals with their predominantly white faces, it was hard to believe they weren't ordinary domestic Herefords. It was hoped to obtain an animal with the shaggy coat of a buffalo, so that it could winter outdoors, and feel no need for barns. Although cattalo have smooth coats like domestic cattle they are much heavier and do resist the rough climate better.

"From the time of the first permanent snowfall," said Mr. MacLellan, "these animals can forage for themselves without having to be watered or sheltered. They usually come through winter in excellent condition."

It was hoped to obtain an animal which would have a tail like a cow so that wallowing in mudholes to find relief from flies would be eliminated.

Development of an economical beef production for the vast areas of Canada's prairie provinces, especially the northern parts, was the goal for which the experiment was begun.

OLDER THAN METHUSELAH

By Hope Morrill Cameron

Silas MacDonald leaned on his crooked tamarack cane, and peered through squinting, faded blue eyes at his great-great-grandson, Malcolm. "It's all right, lad," he said, his voice crackly, crisp, high-pitched. I've waited four generations now. I can wait 'nother. For half a century, been sayin', that I'd live a thousand years if I have ta . . . till one o' my own kith an' kin, my own blood kind, comes back t' roost on the land."

Malcolm shifted uneasily in his high laced boots, and dug his hands deep into the pockets of his grease and oil stained trousers. He hadn't banked on this . . . this session with his great-great grandfather. He'd been avoiding the

old man through two months now. but this night he'd tarried too long in the old log house after supper. Brock Campbell, his father, had said: "Hang around boy. I'll give you a shout if those diesels come in. We might have to work all night so that both trucks can roll by dawn."

Margaret, Malcolm's mother, had left quickly after doing the supper dishes, because a flood of tourists had appeared, wanting accommodation in the motels. And Malcolm had lingered, picking up a comic book momentarily, and forgetting Silas, who sat quietly in the old rocker by the window . . . waiting like a cat in ambush for his bird of prey.

Malcolm pursed his lips thoughtfully as he stood in front of the kitchen window facing west. He looked out at the miles and miles of land that stretched without a rise to the rim of the world. Here and there a clump of willows, or an odd birch swayed in the spring breeze. Underneath, the land was rich, Malcolm knew, but it had been neglected for so long.

Silas shuffled over to the window beside the boy. The evening sun caught his thin, white hair, turning it golden.

"I first laid eyes on this land in 1878, boy." The old man's teeth, showing as he talked, were all his own, and brown from age and too much chewing tobacco. "Yessir! She was beautiful then. Edmonton was just a fort in them days, strong with its bastions and minarets, an' a good 25 miles away to the east. This here Jasper highway was a hit an' miss trail that wound up in the foothills, if ye didn't get bogged down in muskeg an' swanp afore ye got there."

Silas smiled whimsically as his thoughts rolled back. His leathery skin, deeply wrinkled, reminded Malcolm of a spider's web as the evening sun splashed golden across the old man's face.

"Yessir! Cleared all this land myself . . . me an' Martha, your great-great grandmother. Cleared it by hand, the two of us, an' built this very house of sturdy tamarack." Silas tapped his cane on the rough, wide boards of the kitchen floor.

"Had great plans for this land. Kinda figured that Rob, my only boy, who was born an' raised with this western air in his blood, would latch on t' these 500 acres an' build 'em into a great, thrivin' farm." Silas shook his head sadly.

"But Rob went to the Boer War, an' came back with the blasted idea of starting a saddlery business in Edmonton. His business grew big an' wealthy, an' he ne'er had time t' set foot on the homestead 'Twas then I told Martha: 'I'll

live for ten centuries if I have ta till one o' my own kith an' kin, my own blood kind, comes back t' roost on the land.'

"An' 20 odd years ago I coulda died serenely an' found peace an' long sleep aside my beloved Martha, if it hadn't been for that stubborn Paw o' yours. Yessir! He messed up my plans good, an' slapped another 20 years ont' my already stretchin' life span."

The old man gnashed his teeth with spite, and Malcolm smiled, for as long as he could remember, there had been antagonism between Silas and Brock. Oh, it wasn't an open, violent sort of thing, but an underneath seething, stubborn, "who's gonna beat who" sort of deal. And Malcolm wasn't sure, even now, which of the two Scots, both born in Glen-garry County in eastern Canada, was the most stubborn — old Silas, whose age nobody could guess, or Brock, who was ambitious, as dark as his son was fair, and still mighty good looking at the age of forty.

"Your Maw was the first o' my line t' love the land," continued Silas in his crackly, crisp, high pitched voice. "Yessir, she loved it with the same bubbling enthusiasm that gurgled in my own soul. As a tiny girl, she came out an' stayed every year for the summer. She always planted a garden, an' everything she touched sprouted green an' healthy an' crisp above the black loam. Then when she was 17 an' finished high school, she came out t' stay. Things hadn't moved much around the old homestead for 10 odd years then. When arthritis crept into my old bones, there wasn't much I could do 'cept keep a piggery, a lazy team o' bays, an' plant a small garden. But Margaret was a big girl, strong an' husky, an' young. 'Tween the two of us we were gonna hitch the horses up, hire a man for extra help, start plowin' an' begin a rotation o' crops."

Silas bit off a chaw of tobacco and munched for a moment. "Yessir! That was '35 19 years ago. I was so proud I could ha' burst. Margaret was the kith an' kin I'd waited for all them years, an' I gave her, for her own, these 20 acres near the highway, for she always loved this piece stretchin' 'long the sou'eastern rim o' the land."

Silas shook his head again, sadly. "Twas the biggest mistake o' my life, givin' Margaret that small hunk o' ground. For the man we hired t' help us with the farm work was none other than Brock Campbell, an' he didn't love the land. Least not the way Margaret an' I loved it. But he loved Margaret. He loved her an' wooed her, right on my land, an' married her an' stayed."

The old man gnashed his teeth again, and Malcolm shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other.

"First of all a hotel sprang up, then a drive-in restaurant, then a grocery store, an' now a whole blasted row of motels and a gayrage. That 20 acres an' Brock lured civilization an' people like a magnet attracts iron nuggets. Bah! More people than I've seen in my whole life span. Oh, there's money in Brock's businesses, t' be sure, an' Brock is an ambitious, money-grabbin' man. But what made me so mad, was how he influenced Margaret. She took on his money-grabbin' ways an' has never planted a thing in this rich ground since she married him. An' 'tween the two o' them they're waitin' for Silas t' give up this ole life, so they can latch on t' the other acres an' spoil 'em too. But I'm a stubborn ole Scot who never says die . . . least not till I'm sure that one o' my own kith an' kin will carry on, turn a plow, an' make things grow again."

Silas' pale blue eyes blinked a little with the strong rays of the setting sun, which now splashed crimson through the latticed window. He chewed with relish on the hunk of tobacco, and he smiled again with fond memories of bygone days.

"'Member lad . . . 'member," he crackled, leaning more heavily on the crooked cane, and looking keenly at Malcolm. "'Member the days that you an' I used t' picnic on that mossy hunk o' ground close t' the creek in the back pasture. In them days Margaret an' Brock was too busy to know where we were or what we was up to, an' we used t' throw a blanket on ole Nell an' ride down t' the river an' through the brush an' always wound up eatin' our meals by the creek."

"Ye were healthy then, boy, healthy with the ruddy glow of the sun an' wind in yer face, an' good western air in yer lungs. Not like now, with the paleness creepin' about yer ears, an' the stink of oil an' gasoline rottin' yer insides."

Malcolm whirled on Silas. "Maybe I like it that way. Maybe I like helpin' Dad in the garage, learning about engines and the way a good diesel or gasoline motor ticks. Maybe I like mucking around with nuts and bolts and fans and carburetors, listenin' to the chug of pistons and the roar of today's lifeline . . . machinery. Maybe I like it!"

"Maybe, lad . . . maybe. But I've known ye from a wee tike, an' yer like yer Maw in the way ye love the land an' the wide open spaces. Ye can't tell me yer Maw is happy with what's happened to that 20 acres I gave her long ago. Naw! But she wants to please Brock."

"I owe my parents some loyalty, Grandpa. After all, they only have me."

Silas chewed pensively on his tobacco, then he turned and shuffled over to the rocking chair. "It's all right, lad," he crackled. "I've waited through four generations now. I can wait for another. A thousand years, I said . . . so many moons ago. Sometimes it seems I've lived a thousand years now. But let it be. The Good Lord will spare a stubborn ole Scot for another generation, like as not."

Malcolm walked quickly across the kitchen to the rocking chair, just as the old man eased himself down.

"You talk so lightly of farmin' this land. It has never occurred to you that it would take lots of money. It would take capital with a big 'C' to get this farm into shape again. The horse days are over and the heyday of the old sulky plow has long vanished. Everything is mechanized now. It's no use trying to farm by the old method any more, when you're competing against machinery-run farms for miles around."

Malcolm paced, agitated, back and forth before the old man. "I haven't any capital, Grandpa. Dad would never loan me any money 'cause he doesn't want me to farm, and he doesn't want you to give me the 480 remaining acres. Dad wants that land for himself. A million times he's tried to buy you off, but instead of taking good money and forgetting about one of your kin turning the land you stubbornly love the old homestead and try to guard it for a future farmer. The oil companies, too, have tried to buy you out . . . or lease the farm. You could be wealthy. With Edmonton pushing us from the east, it won't be long until these acres are surrounded by the city.. And you know how you hate civilization encroaching."

Malcolm paused, standing before the old man, then he crouched low on one knee, and looked keenly into the wrinkled, ancient face.

"Be smart, Grandpa. Sell out to the oil people and have lots of money in your old age. You've never had a bulging bank account. Your hogs give you a little revenue, but not a lot. And you give your old age pension to Mom, for board, even though she told you she didn't want it."

"Bah . . . money!" spit Silas. "Ye expect me t' give up my precious 480 acres for a roll o' bills. I'd rather have the land. An' what would a doggone ole fool like me do with all them greenbacks?"

"Do?" questioned Malcolm with raised eyebrows.

"Do?" Don't you and old Martin Dougall hike out every year in July to spend a month, 'away from the maddening crowds', so you say, at Dougall's ranch in the Peace River country. Why, with those greenbacks, you and Mr. Dougall could retire on that ranch . . . bring in machines and men and put them to work making the ranch pay."

"Bah!" . . . sneered Silas. "A couple of ole goons like us . . . tryin' start all over again. No!" He swished the tobacco juice around in his mouth for a moment, then leaned forward in his chair, peering into Malcolm's face. The old man's pointed Adam's apple rose and fell above his protruding collar bones which were visible above his open-collared, plaid shirt.

"But . . . more'n all them greenbacks the oil men could give me, I want t' see ye, boy . . . ye . . . turn this ground into a beautiful, thrivin' farm again. Ye, alone, of all my kith an' kin, have it in yer bones deep like. I've watched ye from the time ye were the size of a minute, an' ole Silas actually breathed his love o' the land right into yer bein'."

Malcolm rose, and paced back and forth before the old man. He was torn between the loyalty he felt he owed his parents, and the love that ran deep, for this old, old man and a neglected farm. The boy remembered again, the happy years he'd spent with his great-great grandfather, riding old Nel, exploring the ins and outs of the woods skirting the North Saskatchewan River; the field sowed in hay, the picnics by the creek, and the double venture, starting five years ago, in raising hogs for market. In two months now, Malcolm hadn't set foot anywhere near the piggery. But it was still there, and Silas made sure the hogs grew fat. The boy saw all this from his father's garage windows.

How he loved this old, old man with the pale blue eyes that grew weaker by the day, until now Malcolm was sure he could barely see the log kitchen wall a few feet away. He was so old that folks poked fun. "He's gonna defy Methuselah!" they laughed, "and stretch his life span to an even thousand years."

"I'll farm this land for you, Grandpa . . . all 480 acres. But, it's gonna be slow going. All I've got is youth, a strong back and lots of will power. The money'll come, but it's gonna be slow . . . real slow." He paused, pensively, then spoke again with more excitement.

"Tomorrow . . . tomorrow, I'll tell Dad that I'm not

cut out to be a mechanic, and I'm gonna tell Mom that I don't give two hoots about the motel business."

Malcolm smiled. "Ya know darn well that I like this land more'n anything else in the whole, wide world. Only thing is, I needed a gentle push from you, a nudge t' get me out of a rut and pointed in the right direction."

Silas smiled broadly and sat back in his rocking chair. His nut brown face, with its spider's web of wrinkles, was triumphant as it had never been before in his long life. The boy stood up, and as he did so, the kitchen screen door opened and bounced back with a succession of little bangs.

"Malcolm Mac boy!" Brock looked quickly around the big kitchen. "Oh . . . there you are." He strode over to the far corner of the kitchen where Grandpa sat and Malcolm stood beside him.

"Those diesel trucks just pulled in. Fuel pumps not workin' too well." Brock lit a cigaret and puffed on it. "I think between the two of us we should have them fixed and ready to roll in four or five hours. There's lots of money tied up in this kind of work, and those truckers will bring more if we do a good job. So, let's get at it."

Silas leaned forward in his rocking chair, rose slowly and shuffled past Malcolm. As he did so, he leaned over and whispered: "Now, boy, now. Tell him now."

Malcolm stuck his hands deep into his trouser pockets and stood awkwardly, with tongue in cheek. Silas stopped before the west window and stood, leaning on his cane, looking out.

"Okay, lad," said Brock crisply, lifting his cap and smoothing the hair beneath with the palm of his hand. "Are you all set."

Still there was silence from Malcolm, then Brock turned to leave. "See you at the shop in a few minutes."

He was at the screen door, when the boy found his voice, and mustered courage to face his father.

"Look Dad, just a minute," he called, and walked slowly over to the door. "I'm not all set. I'm not going to help you with those diesels. As a matter of fact, I'm not going back into the shop again. I'm gonna take on this farm and start out for myself."

"You . . . you mean . . . you're gonna be a farmer?" Brock stepped back to face the boy. "Old Silas has been talking foolishness to you."

Malcolm shook his head. "This is my own idea. You know, Dad, that I've always loved the land. You had to

do a powerful lot of talkin' to get me interested in taking a mechanic's course so that I could work alongside of you in the shop. And every minute that I'm working there, I think of this wasting farm and the wide open spaces. I'm gonna take her on, Dad. I'm gonna farm her."

"Damn!" Brock's face turned red with anger. "Let me tell you, boy, this old farm is going to take a lot of money. She's run down at the heels. And if you expect any loans from me"

"I don't."

"Then how in the name of all that's good and holy will you get started? There isn't one hunk of machinery that doesn't need lots of repair, and it's all as old as the old man himself. The horses are all gone, and the barn is falling down. There isn't any stock for a good start, save those few hogs that the old man has been fattening up for market. Why, boy, you don't have enough money for a handful of good seed to sow a small patch of ground."

Brock paused, took his cap off and threw it on the floor. "What in tar has got into you, Malcom? This is suicide! Now, if Silas would sell me the land . . . that would make more sense. I could start a new housing project out here. People in Edmonton are desperate for houses.

Silas shuffled over and leaned on his crooked cane. "But I ain't gonna sell ye the land, Brock, and ye know that."

"Well . . . I won't have you steppin' in and ruinin' my boy's life . . . you stubborn, ancient relic. This farming idea is crazy!"

"Dad," said Malcolm firmly. "I'm gonna farm the land. I don't have much to start with . . . but it'll all come."

Brock stared coldly at his son. "Awright, but when the whole thing fizzles out, and you're dead broke, remember . . . I told you so. And it might be just too late then, boy, too late, to come back into business with me. At least the money's good with me, but you're out if you take on this old fram for farmin' purposes. You won't get any words of encouragement, nor money from me, when it all fails."

"You're the only one who says it's gonna fail, Brock Campbell," spit Silas. "Malcolm is gonna farm. He's the blood kind I been waitin' for through four generations, an' he's gonna take up the plow an' carry on in the tradition o' his great-great grandfather. As for money!" Silas

rapped his cane loudly on the floor. "I'll give him the money . . . all the money he wants."

"You," laughed Brock. "You! Silas MacDonald! You haven't got two old pennies t' scrub together."

"Oh . . . ain't I? Tomorrow mornin' I'm gettin' in touch with that big oil company that's been a-houndin' me for years . . . tryin' to' buy me out, or lease me out. Yessir! I'm gonna tell that company at long last, that they can have this farm . . . the whole blasted works . . . all 480 acres. An' they'll pay me a pretty penny too, I might say, Brock Campbell."

"Sellin' out!" Brock looked from the old man to the boy and back again, and Malcolm in turn, sucked in his breath, and turned the full strength of his startled gray eyes on Silas' withered face.

"That's right," crackled Silas. "That's right, Brock. You don't think I'd let this lad farm these acres with the city encroachin' on one side, an' ye an' Margaret shovin' from t'other. No sir! I wouldn't ha' done it at his age. When I get my oil money, he's gonna take it, an' go up t' that great expansive Peace River country where I've got a thousand acres what's been a-settin' there for 40 years, waitin' . . . waitin' for one o' my own kith an' kin . . . my own blood kind."

Silas paused and chuckled, then turned to Malcolm. "But, I didn't tell ye lad, 'cause I had to be sure that ye loved the land enough t' stand up 'gainst yer paw . . . afore I put through the biggest deal o' my long life. If ye hadn't stood up t'him . . . well . . . I guess I just would ha' sat it out for another generation."

"I thought that Peace River land belonged to Dougall," said Brock, still amazed.

"Dougall . . . bah! He don't own nothin' 'cept that beat-up jalopy that takes us up there an' back once a year."

Malcolm smiled warmly. A moment before, he'd been a mere boy. Now, standing tall and proud, he was every inch the man his great-great grandfather had been when he first laid eyes on the land near Edmonton in the year 1878.

JOHNNY SKUNK

(A fiction story)

by Roy Devore

Johnny Skunk was small. Many thought him handicapped in the battle of life. But the Cree Indians who roamed the eastern rim of a great Canadian national park knew differently. They had learned that whatever Johnny lacked in physical strength, he more than made up in mental dexterity.

He wore an engaging smile, and this also helped out; for Johnny Skunk was a foreingner. In modern political parlance he would have been called a "Displaced Person", and properly so called. A member of the tribe known as Kootenays, his home village was completely wiped out during a savage tribal war with the Stoneys. Johnny alone escaped, took to the bush and, journeying far to the north became to all intents and purposes a Cree, marrying into their tribe.

His name? Well, that came about in the most natural manner. The smelly little black animal with white stripes had brought revulsion, even consternation to many trappers who ranged the vast foothills region. It wandered unsolicited into traps set for more valuable fur-bearers. Then, the trappers came to learn of a little Indian who did not mind the odor at all, who seemed even to enjoy it. In due course almost all the skunk skins found they way gratis to Johnny. A shrewd dealer, he drove a close bargain with fur-buyers, until skunks and Johnny became synonymous; hence, "Johnny Skunk."

But the days of Johnny's prosperity were numbered. By proclamation, a large portion of the foothills and Rocky Mountain region was made a National Park and it became an offence either to hunt or trap within its confines.

The situation was made critical for Johnny Skunk by the attitude of one particularly single-minded warden. This person seemed willing to close his eyes to certain so-called sportsmen in the preserve if only he might prevent Johnny from entering. The battle of wits became joined between these two. Each would lie awake of nights in order to observe the other's movements. The warden's vindictiveness increased until Johnny found it extremely difficult to obtain a living for himself and family.

One by one, Cree families forced out of the park area gave themselves up to the Crown and went to live on a reserve. Thus, Johnny's supply of Skunk-skins had all but

vanished. Two convictions with heavy fines imposed took his few remaining dollars.

Still, he persevered.

There came a night though, when a crisis more sinister than any since the Stoney massacre came knocking at Johnny's door. It was bright moonlight, in the dead of winter, and bitter cold. A fresh snow lay on the ground. Johnny had shot a fine buck that wandered a few rods inside the park boundary to die. He was about to follow and remove it when his sharp ears warned of the approaching warden. There was no time to either retrieve the deer or retreat from the scene unobserved. A small depression lay near at hand and into this Johnny crept. Here, unseen by the zealous keeper of the King's preserve, he could watch the latter clearly. The warden saw the dead buck, suspected the killer and lay in wait for him. And the advantage was all with "constituted authority". This gentleman, dressed warmly in government clothing, could walk up and down and maintain normal circulation. Johnny could only lie cramped in his hideout, and chill.

Normally of a kind disposition, the little Indian came now to hate with all the intensity of his being. Before him in the clear moonlight strode this monstrosity, this mockery of a fellow human being who would deprive him of the means of life. Twice, or thrice, Johnny Skunk raised his rifle and took aim, only to lower it again. There was his family. They would surely die if he were forced to flee before the men in Scarlet and Gold.

The ordeal ended with the warden carrying Johnny's deer away to a comfortable cabin built with government money, there to cook and eat it at his leisure. Johnny, nearly frozen and hungry, returned to his expectant family who were also hungry.

And still he did not despair. He came of a patient race, and felt that time was with him. Sooner or later his turn at the wheel of fortune would come. It did, and in a manner the astute Indian had foreseen. The park warden resembled somewhat the paradoxical family doctor who drank and smoked, yet told his patients: "Don't do as I do; do as I tell you." The deer the warden confiscated tasted good. But weeks had passed and he could now use another. Why not one of those entrusted to his care? They were fairly fat, and becoming gentle. But the report of his rifle might be heard, possibly by Johnny Skunk! Johnny, he knew, was well liked by both whites and Indians. The magistrate who levied the fines against him

did so reluctantly. A subtle and silent way must needs be found of putting the deer to death. He had it! A powerful "spring-pole" bent with strong wire noose attached and hanging in the deer runway.

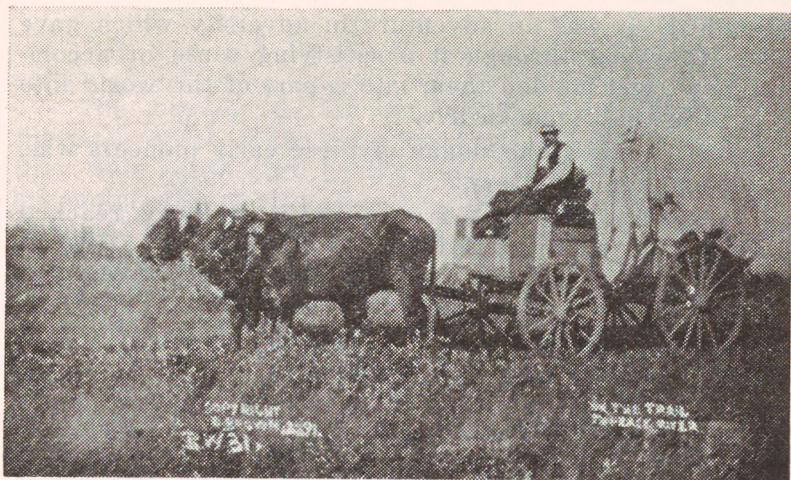
The first animal to come that way was doomed. The appliance worked perfectly.

There was one awkward circumstance connected with the episode, however: Johnny Skunk and his brother-in-law, Jimmy Weasel Skin, were on one of their park forays. Their course ran parallel to the runway, and soon they came upon the unfortunate deer kicking its life out in mid-air. The tables were now turned and the two Indians waited for the righteous trustee of the park's game animals to appear. They did not wait long and, the keen, watchful eyes of two competent witnesses saw the bending tree that had performed the function of gallows felled by the warden's hatchet. They saw him bleed, then dress the animal. Then, when he had borne it almost home, two wraith-like figures appeared before him. They told him of what they had seen, gave him their candid opinions of his act, then expressed the hope he would be able to face the magistrate with dignity.

The next day had barely broken however, when Johnny Skunk heard crunching footsteps in the snow outside his teepee. With perfectly concealed astonishment he saw the King's servant deposit the deer carcass intact at the entrance. The warden had done much hard thinking during the night. The far off and faltering King could not be reached for advice in such an urgent matter. Johnny Skunk though, was different. He was much closer. He was the warden's neighbor; would he not also be the warden's friend? Would Johnny accept this deer carcass in exchange for the one he had taken from Johnny previously?

Only the slightest twinkle came to the Indian's eyes as his alert and racing brain encompassed more in seconds, than his adversary's had covered throughout the long night. Yes, Johnny would accept the offer. It was true they were neighbors. And it was much better when neighbors agreed.

In weeks and months to follow it was noticeable that Johnny Skunk and Jimmy Weasel Skin trapped and hunted freely over the domain of an unobserving warden. Though never killing needlessly they were easily able to supply their needs. Also, Johnny now found more pleasant and more profitable fur-bearers than skunks.



An early settler on the trail to Peace River with his goods.

THE PEACE AT ANY PRICE

by Beatrice Todd

A piano stood by the boggy roadway at mile 35 on the Edson Trail. But no music sprang from its keys, warping now in the damp musty brush; no family pictures adorned the once polished top already swelling and checking under the constant drip of the wet northern forest.

Farther along a mower and a hay-rake barely pushed from the trail were half buried, as the piano was, in the cement-like mud which was everywhere.

And still farther along a dejected mother and her children huddled miserably under a tree on the driest spot they could find. A loaded farm wagon, oxen-drawn, and down to the hubs in the mud rested while the haggard man and two tired boys cut new logs to patch the corduroy road beyond their load. Even the milk cow, tied to the endgate of the wagon, slumped patiently, but disconsolately where it stood knee-deep in the mud.

This was the picture on the Edson Trail between the years 1910 and 1915. A heart-breaking struggle over a hacked-out bush trail. A seemingly endless fight with muskegs, steep rock hills, rivers, insects, and always the mud; the discarding of the heavier deeply-cherished possessions, so that the wagons could be hauled through.

But it was the trail over which hundreds of settlers who went into the Peace River Country in those days

triumphed. It was an adventure in adversity which gave those who went through it a satisfying sense of accomplishment, and molded them into a part of the world into which they had gone to live.

Small wonder the slogan of these early pioneers was, "Hell Bent for the Peace!"

In 1910 the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway reached Edson, 100 miles west of Edmonton. The settlers of Grande Prairie, disappointed that the railway did not strike north to their country, were clamouring for a road. The government sent one of its finest engineers to find the best route from Edson into this northern area.

In a straight line, the railroad was only 150 miles from Grande Prairie, but actually it was much farther, with so many rivers to cross and so much muskeg to struggle through. There was also an endless chain of steep back-breaking hills to climb before the settlers reached their coveted goal.

There was an old Indian trail, used by the Klondykers, which ran from Lac Ste. Anne, through the bush and muskeg to the Indian post at Sturgeon Lake. From here a crude trail led to Grande Prairie. The practical thing was to link Edson with Sturgeon Lake.

After their survey, the engineers reported that at best it would be a "primitive" road, but they did their best to make it passable with the time and means at their disposal. Work crews were sent in to corduroy the worst stretches and find the easiest grades down the steep hills. Bridges were built over the smaller creeks and ferries installed over the larger rivers.

In a few months the road was pushed through to the Mission at Sturgeon Lake. It crossed the Athabasca, the Baptiste, the little Smoky, and the Big Smoky Rivers. It passed through a territory rich in furs and alive with moose, deer, and caribou.

From Sturgeon Lake the road turned west and followed the old trail from Lesser Slave Lake which crossed the Smoky River at Bezanson and went on into Grande Prairie. This part of the road lay through pleasant, easily traversed land.

When the road was finished, enterprising individuals soon built stopping places along the trail. They used log buildings and cut hay in the meadows to sell to the weary travellers, who found frequent stops and days of rest necessary to their stock.

By 1911 the road was in fairly good condition and the rush was on. Thousands of settlers unloaded their effects at Edson and started on the long trek north.

The pioneers started out bravely, going north from the main street of the little frontier town of Edson. Soon they were surrounded by the dark, dripping forest. They encountered short stretches of muskeg, a foretaste of worse to come. For the first time they realized how puny is the strength of a man and two oxen when pitted against the sucking mud of the muskeg.

When they got stuck, there was nothing to do but unload and carry the goods, piece by piece, to the other side of the muskeg. Even with the wagon empty, it was often all the oxen could do to pull it out. It was discouraging work under the hot sun with the constant swarms of mosquitoes and bull flies. Raining, it was even more depressing. The mud stuck to everything like glue.

After twenty miles, the trail reached higher ground, until at Mile 35 it reached the peak of the range of hills south of the Athabasca River. To get to this point had meant long, hard climbs of one steep hill after another. To get their goods up the worst hills, the settlers had to unload and make two or three trips with partial loads or hitch two teams on one load, unhitch and go back for the other load..

The Athabasca River was reached at Mile 53. The descent to the river was steep and slippery. Many teams and loads skidded down the hill. The oxen slid, feet braced, the wagon-box pressing against their rumps.

Finally after weeks, the weary travellers plodded around a curve in the road and there sparkling in front of them lay Sturgeon Lake. Along the lake shore could be seen the many log shacks of the Indians and halfbreeds, the stores and hotels, and the Anglican and Roman Catholic missions. Civilization once more!

From here the road led west some seventy miles, but the country was more pleasant and not so low. Once the ferry over the Big Smoky was reached, the settlers were practically in the "Promised Land."

Most of the heavy hauling into the district was done in the winter when the river was frozen and the trails good for sleighing. This was the time to lay in a stock of provisions or bring in heavy farm implements.

In time the Grande Prairie and Peace River Transportation Company organized a stage service. It was planned to cover the round trip to the Big Smoky in two weeks.

The first stage left Edson on April 17, 1911, and returned May 18. Soon it was running twice a week. Changes of horses were made at stopping places along the way.

The hardships of the trail were often spurs to greater efforts on the part of the travellers and many times their ingenuity triumphed over what seemed like insurmountable obstacles. Mr. A. Smith, a pioneer of Beaverlodge, Alberta, tells of riding in as a young man over the Edson Trail in 1915. At one point on the trail, his horse went lame. He had to dismount and decide what to do. It was impossible to continue unless his horse had shoes. Along the road were the carcasses of many dead horses lost by the settlers. Seeing one with shoes, he wondered how to get the shoes off without tools. He finally hit upon the idea of making a fire and burning the shoes off the dead horse. Then he transferred the coveted shoes to his crippled mount and proceeded on his way.

Often the trip from Edson to Grande Prairie took three months because of the frequent delays necessary to allow the animals to feed and rest up. It was a hard trip for men, and doubly hard for women, particularly if they had little children.

The Edson Trail was one of suffering, fortitude and heroism. It fell into disuse in 1916 when the E.D. and B. C. Railway arrived in Grande Prairie, but in spite of its short five years of life, it left its marks upon that country and its pioneers. Their proudest memories today are that they came in over the Edson Trail.



THE JOHN WALTER HOUSE BEFORE RESTORATION

CALGARY

Perchance the Lord got weary of the sameness of the plains,
And changed the level prairie with chaotic mountain
chains;

And at the point of difference where the hills began to grow
Shallowed out a valley where the Elbow meets the
Bow.

It was a natural campsite for ancient Indian Bands
Hard by the mountain rivers that lapped the hunting
lands.

Their teepees framed the sunset which streaked with orange
and red
Glowed upon the Tribesmen with splendor now long
fled.

The burnt-orange sunsets linger, the mountain backdrop
smiles,
And at your feet the prairie sprawls for a thousand
miles.

The encircling near view rims you with lines of bluff and
crest

With something everlasting of the old Romantic West.

With the buffaloes' swift passing and the coming of the
trains,

The rivers' fork was chosen as a place to drop the
reins

'Twas little he did vision the metropolis to be,

When the gallant redcoat leader named the place Fort
Calgary.

— Archie Hollingshead



A MOUNTAIN RIVER



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